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Francis Willis, of Thame, in the County of Oxford, was admitted Fellow of New College as of kin to the Founder Nov^r. 16. 1681 - and died Nov. 24. 1702 being still a Fellow of the College, and was buried in the Cloisters

J. C. Sewell.
Warden Nov^r 21.

MISCELLANY

POEMS

AND

Translations

By OXFORD *Hands.*

Si Quis tamen hæc quoque, si Quis
Captus amore leget —— Virg. Ec.

LONDON,
Printed for *Anthony Stephens*, Bookseller near the *Theatre* in *OXFORD*, 1685.

280. m. 366.

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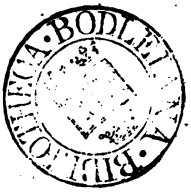

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THE PUBLISHER TO THE READER.

SInce Poetry has had the good fortune hitherto to be much esteemed in the world, and to become the favourite of the Age: I hope it will not now fall short of its own end, and my design, which is to divert and please; and how far I have consulted this, may appear from the following work: where such variety of Subjects cannot but be grateful, and a Miscellany must needs yield more delight then one continued Poem; for the same reason I presume, as at an Entertainment, most People are pleas'd with variety of Courses, when a standing Dish would not at all gratify their Appetites. Now, as for the several Hands which have been so kind to oblige the world no doubt, as much as me, in contributing to this piece; I acknowledge it beyond my capacity to commend: And indeed could I do

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it, I presume it would be altogether needless; since their own Poems will speak their praise in a more ample manner. Yet I would not have you think I have commended these Poems so far upon my own Judgment; But that I have relyed wholy upon the Authority of able Criticks; to whom I left it wholy to approve, or disapprove of what they pleas'd: knowing it to be a prudent way for any one who understands not whether a Coin be counterfeit, to refer himself to the Test of a Touchstone: Whereupon I admitted no Coppy but what had stood this Tryal, and came of with reputation. Now after all this care and diligence, there remains nothing; but that I should commit this piece to your Judgment, in whose Power it is to make it happy; wishing that it may carry worth enough in it to deserve your favour; and if so, assure your self the undertaking will be very satisfactory to him, who has made it his business

To serve You,

ANTH. STEPHENS.

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THE

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TRANSLATIONS

Out of

Catullus, Tibullus, and *Propertius.*

By

Francis Willis Fellow of *New Coll. Oxon.*

The V^th^ Epigr. of *Catullus,*

Vivamus mea Lesbia, &c.

COme, *Lesbia*, let us live, and love,
And all thoſe fleeting joyes improve,
Thoſe ſoft delights, that fly ſo faſt,
And like your lovely Beauty waſt;
For grave men's talk what need we care,
Whom peeviſh age has made ſevere?
The Suns that ſet, again may riſe,
And ſmile and wanton in the skies;

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But when alaſs our life's ſhort day,
On Time's ſoft wings has ſtoln away,
All joyes muſt ceaſe, all our delight
Be buried in eternal Night.
Come then (that I may longer live)
A *Thouſand* vital kiſſes give;
Come give me now an *Hundred* more,
Add t'other *Thouſand* to the ſcore,
A ſecond *Hundred* will not doe,
Another *Thouſand* muſt enſue;
Let us kiſs on; till at the laſt
(When many *Thouſands* have been paſt)
We Bankrupt grow, nor can account
To what vaſt ſumms our joyes amount:
Till no malicious ſpie ſhall know
How much (my Dear) I'me kiſs'd by you.

The

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The III *Elegy of the* III *Book of* Tibullus *to his* Miſtreſs.

IN vain (*Fair Nimph*) oft to the gods I pray'd,
And Courting Odours on their Altars layd;
Not that I might my wanton wiſhes pleaſe,
And pride my ſelf in Marble Pallaces,
Or for the wealth the largeſt Farm can yeild,
Stiling me Lord of ſome extended Field,
Whoſe fertile Glebe might bleſs me with a Crop,
Vaſt as the promiſe of licentious Hope:
All I intreat of Heav'n's with Thee to Live,
And drain all joyes Life's longeſt Treat can give;
That my Age too with you might melt away,
And in your Boſome pleaſingly decay,
There drop its Silver Hairs, which ne're will vie
With Snow that on thoſe Little *Alps* does ly:
Then I, when Life is thus run out, muſt go
A naked ſhadow to the Realms below:
For why ſhould I ſuch no great bleſſings ſeek,
Or wiſh for all the traſh a *Lombard-Street*

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Is loaded with? what pleasure can there be
In a Rich *Manor*'s useless Luxury?
Were all *Cheap-side* and the *Piazza*'s mine,
Nay should the courteous Heavn's with kind design,
Cast in the pomp of such a Grove beside,
St. *James*'s Park might envy in its pride:
Might I enjoy in ev'ry glitt'ring room
The fraight, that an *East-India* Fleet brings home:
Nay all th' arrears of bliss mis-understood,
Which the false common Vogue has stamp'd for good,
'Twere trivial all: such is the play of fate,
The copious Theme for envy, and for hate;
No *Care* alas! is by such state controul'd,
Nor *Quiet* bought with Treasuries of Gold:
But ah! how pleasantly should I tho poor
(May Heav'n such humble blessings have in store)
Enjoy my Love; but if compell'd to loose
Your Company, a *Kingdom* I'de refuse;
Blest be the Day, and thrice auspicious light,
Which shall restore you to my longing sight:
But if my Vows for your return are vain,
And fondly I to the deaf Skies complain,
Whilst no complying God will lend an Ear,
To the soft Accents of a Lovers Prayer:

No

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No promis'd Empire then, no wealth can please,
Or sooth the fury of my fond disease;
Let some unthinking Sots so vainly prize,
This goodly Stock of glorious Fooleries.
All I desire, is a Quiet Life,
A pleasant Cottage, and a Loving Wife;
May *Juno*, and the *Paphian Queen* combine
To grant me this, and favour my design:
Or if such blessings inconsistent be
With *Fate*'s inevitable black decree;
May Death befriend me, and Eternal rest
Lull fast asleep the tumults of my Breast.

The

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The XIVth. *Elegy of the First Book of* Propertius *To his Friend* Tullus.

THO you (my *Friend*) in ſome cool Arbour ly,
Where *Tibur*'s Silver Streams glide ſoftly by,
And quaff rich Goblets of your *Lesbian* Wines,
T' encourage mirth, and puſh on gay deſigns;
Or there perhaps ſometimes have wondring ſtood,
To ſee the *Lighters* dance along the floud;
Sometimes (to pleaſe your ſight) amidſt the throng,
Obſerv'd tall Ships ſail lazily along;
And tho your Groves make ſuch a pompous ſhow,
Shelt'ring from Storms the infant Shrubs below,
With Trees as vaſt as on tall *Caucaſus* do grow:
Yet think not all this State can equal prove,
To one ſoft happy minute of my Love.
How mean is Greatneſs if compar'd to this,
And what are Riches to a Lovers bliſs?
For whether my *Dear She* all over charms,
Kindly at night repoſes in my Arms;

Or

Or whether we conſent to ſpend the day,
In eaſy pleaſure, and in wanton play:
I fancy then *Pactolus* ſtreams are rowl'd
Thro' th' enrich'd houſe, methinks I ſwim in Gold;
Methinks I am as wealthy, and as bleſt,
As if the *Indies* were by me poſſeſt:
Sure proudeſt *Monarchs* would their Crowns reſign,
And tireſome greatneſs, for delights like mine, (Scene:
Which Heav'n preſerve till death ſhall change the
For who can dote on wealth, or value Crowns,
When Love's unkind, and when a Miſtreſs frowns:
Venus can ev'n Heroick minds enſlave,
Soften the ſtout, and captivate the brave;
No Palaces, no Beds of Down can prove,
Strong countercharms to the great *Queen* of Love.
She can diſturb at night a Lovers eaſe;
How then alaſs! can all our Riches pleaſe?
Who while ſhe ſmiles on me, I will contemn
The trifling Glories of a *Diadem*;
I'll look on *worlds* of Wealth with gen'rous hate,
And pitty rich *Alcinous*'s Fate.

Love-

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Love-Verses by the same Hand.

To the God of Love.

I.

WEll now (great *Love*) I plainly see
Thy Conquests over *Poetrie*;
The very *Laurel* that's from *Heaven* secure,
Must thy *more* potent *Thunder-bolts* endure.

II.

Ah me! I feel thy pointed Smart,
(Sure Sense ne're Lodges in the Heart)
For yet the *Knowledge* of my *Wound* does stay,
Tho on thy *Wings* my *Heart* is fled away.

III.

'Tis gone, 'tis gone to that bright *She*,
Who now is all *the world* to me;

To

To *Floriana*, who does proudly sit,
Upon the Throne of *Beauty* and of *Wit*.

IV.

But pardon *(Nymph)* nor wonder why,
My *flame* of Love does aim so high;
You know alas! *all Fire* does *upwards* go,
And soars to *Heav'n*, why should not *mine* do so?

To Floriana.

THrice happy day, when first I gaz'd on you,
And saw all Heav'n expos'd to mortal view.
Unjustly were of *Phœnix* sons complain,
Your Looks have set the world on fire again;
Looks so divine, so lovely bright, so pure,
Not *uncompounded* Essences are more;
Modest, as she that first salutes the Skie,
And blushes at th' approach of *Phœbus* eye;
Pleasant, as *Eastern* flow'rs, while they consume,
And breathe away their Lives in rich perfume:
So like your Mind, which thro the purest Skin,
Displays it's *Nunnery* of Thoughts within.
With such a grace the precious *Flies* appear,
Enshrin'd in *Chrystal*, or an *Amber* tear;
But sure you have no *Matter*, sure your mind
Is clad in Substances of *Souls* refin'd.
Or we may guess *Providence* did delay,
Curious to find some nobler piece of Clay,
Whilst your impatient *Form* stole unarray'd away.
Or else Heav'n sent you thus, to let us see
What at the *Resurrection* we shall be.

The

The Wound.

NEver any *Parthian* Bow,
So many *Poisoned Darts* did throw,
So many Darts, as you compare
In the two *Golden Quivers* of your Eyes:
But ah! too like the cruel *Parthians*, you
No sooner gave the Fatal Wound but flew.

II.

Yet tho you fly, in my Mind
You've left your *kinder Self* behind;
My Heart would sigh, but does not dare,
For fear it foyle your pleasing Picture there;
So unseen *Angells* work in Fancy's Theme,
And glorious *Nothings* please us in a Dream.

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III.

So *Sweet* a death befel the *Bee*,
Rifling a *Virgin Rose*;
Whilst in her *Golden* Bosom, She
Did all her Sweets disclose;
But *fond* embracing *leaves* his life betray'd,
And in that *envy'd* Tomb her *Lover* laid.

Falling

Falling in Love with a Lady for her Wit.

I.

THis Love is pure, which is design'd
To court the Beauty of your Mind;
No Pimping dreſs, no fancy'd Air,
No Sex can bribe my judgement there:
But like the happy Spirits above,
I'm bleſt in raptures of *Seraphick* Love.

II.

Such chaſt Amours may juſtly claim
Friendſhip, that noble, manly Name;
For without Luſt I gaze on Thee,
And onely wonder, 'tis a She:
Onely our Minds are Courtiers grown,
Such Love endures when Youth, and Life are flown.

III.

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III.

Who on thy Looks has fix'd his Eye,
Adores the Cafe where Jewells lye;
I've heard ſuch fooliſh Lovers ſay,
To you they gave their hearts away;
I willingly now part with mine,
To learn more Senſe, and be inform'd by thine.

The

The Unconstant.

I.

UNconstant! that word strikes me more,
Then the bright Lightning of your Eyes,
That made my *melted* Heart your prize;
Could ever do before.

II.

Ah! like a cruel Murth'rer, You
Fly from your Lover slain;
Some other Booty to pursue,
And proudly kill again.

III.

But why should I for this despair?
Or at Inconstancy repine!
Since onely Change can make you mine,
Now you Another's are:

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IV.

What tho the Heavn's beauteous frame
Dayly delight to move;
It ſtill returns again the ſame,
And was compos'd of Love.

V.

'Tis pitty too methinks that She,
(By Beauty ſure deſign'd
To cheriſh all Mankind)
Should be confin'd to Me.

VI.

For ſhould the Sun all's ſmiling light,
To his lov'd *Rhodes* diſplay;
All other parts muſt mourn in Night,
And ne're enjoy the Day.

The

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The Parting.

I.

SO when the beauteous Soul prepares her way,
To the far Country of Eternal day,
With such swoln, wishful eyes, the Body courts its stay.
As I did on my parting Life, my Mistress, Look;
When she her fatal Farewel took,
And left her Turtle here alone;
Whilst with her Presence she does grace,
Some Over-happy place,
Happier then that, to which blest Souls are gone.

II.

In vain Astrologers pretend to know,
What Accidents shall happen here below,
What Weather, what Eclipses from the Planets show;
Their Calculations for some other Country run,
Not made for Love's Meridian;
In vain, they say 'tis Summer here,
Now my bright Nymph is gone, 'tis She
My Kalendar must be;
'Tis She divides the Seasons of my Year.

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III.

Now Storms of rainy Tears, and black Despair,
Have taken up their Winter Quarters here,
And Sighs, that chill my Heart with more then Northern Air:
Greenland's a temp'rate clime, compar'd to frozen parts
Inhabited by Lovers hearts;
When absence does your Beams withhold:
Ah! sure you'l guess this Chill to be
Beyond the Eighth Degree;
When he that's all on Fire complains of Cold.

IV.

To what a Nothing am I grown and now
Scarce know I live but by the thoughts of you:
So Flowers that to the Spring their painted glories owe.
When she on *Zeph'rus* gales has wing'd her fragrant way,
In drooping wither'd Looks their grief betray,
But at her bright return, no more
Their Melancholy heads they hide,
But with an early pride
Start from their Buds as glorious as before.

The

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The Pink to Floriana.

I.

AH happy Flower! pride of all
That dreſs the gawdy *May*;
What Monarch would not humbly fall,
And throw his Crown away?
His Heart like you might be a Gueſt,
In the fair harbour of that breaſt.

II.

How red thy flaming Leaves do grow!
Warm'd by her neighb'ring Eyes:
I wiſh methinks they'de melt that Snow,
Which in her Boſome lies,
And keeps out love, as the cold *Zone*
Forbids th' approaches of the Sun.

Upon

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Upon his being ask'd what Love was.

I.

MYsterious Query! for 'tis strange that she
Should ign'rant be;
Who gave this knowledge first to me:
But so the less bright fire does warmth beget,
And what it wants it self, distributes Heat.

II.

Well then I am resolv'd, I'll boldly tell
What pains I feel,
And what I know of *Love* too well;
'Tis that of which none ignorant can be,
Who have but had the least dear glimpse of Thee.

III.

Love is the pretty Babe that proudly plays
In your bright face;
And wounds him who presumes to gaze;
And Painters say, Poets with them agree,
He in no dress but Nakedness should be.

IV. The

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IV.

The Darts he uſes here, and glowing Arms,
Are onely Charms,
With which ſome meaner Beauty warms;
But when h' enflames the Gods, and burns the Skies,
He lights his Torch at *Floriana*'s eyes.

V.

Wings are to him (I know not how) aſſign'd,
But now I find,
He uſes them in Womankind;
But when he ſtorm'd my heart he laid 'em by,
And never never from my Breaſt will fly.

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Her Retreat.

I.

IN a flowry Myrtle Grove,
(The ſolitary Scene of Love)
On Beds of Violets all the day,
The charming *Floriana* lay;
The little *Cupids* hover'd in the Air,
They peep'd, and ſmil'd, and thought their mother there.

II.

Phœbus delay'd his courſe a while,
Charm'd with the Spell of ſuch a ſmile,
Whilſt weary Plowmen curs'd the ſtay
Of the too Uxorious Day;
The little *Cupids* hover'd in the Air,
They peep'd, & ſmil'd, and thought their Mother there.

III.

But thus the Nymph began to chide;
That Eye you owe the world beſide,

You

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You fix on me: then with a frown
She sent her drooping Lover down;
With modest blushes strait away she fled,
Painting the Evening with unusual Red.

Farewel to Love.

BEgone, begone thou wheedling cheat,
Thou Enemy to all that's great;
That onely were't by Heav'n design'd,
To be in pleasing torments kind;
Thou Lovely *Paris* didst destroy,
In a worse flame, then Grecians *Troy*;
Well may'st thou still delight in strife,
That to a Tempest ow'dst thy Life;
Hence all the beauteous Sex we see
Have learnt Inconstancy from Thee;
Be damn'd for this, to some cold Isle
Where never yet the Sun did smile;
Where thy Lascivious *Ovid* went,
Into deserved Banishment;

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And onely there exert thy pow'r,
Where craving Seas clasp round the Shore.
I'll burn my Songs, I'll break my Lyre,
Unless it nobler thoughts inspire;
And on the *Theban* Swan will fly,
To view melodious worlds on high.

PIN-

PINDARICK ODES

By the same HAND.

ODE I.

To the Right Honourable JAMES *Earl of* ABINGDON.

I.

GO, go, my Muſe, the winged Horſe prepare;
I purpoſe now to take the Air;
Take ſolid Judgement for the Bit,
And put on the rich Ornaments of Wit;

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Where Senſe does ſhine like Dawn of Morn,
(Not dazled by the thick,
And gawdy Flowers of Rhet'rick;)
Thro' Interſpaces which the work adorn:
Lo! now I mount, and (Lo!) I take my flight,
And travel with immenſe delight,
Into the flowry Groves of never-fading light;
Lo I look down with ſcorn, not envy there,
On the Melancholy lands o' th' dull foggy Atmoſphere.

II.

Heark! Heark! Sure this is Thunder's voice,
Or elſe Heav'ns Vaults eccho ſome Heroes praiſe;
Heark! *BARTUE* is the welcome Noiſe;
BARTUE, that big-ſwoln Name,
That is become the mighty toil of unperforming Fame:
Tell me, oh! tell me where,
Shall I ſtick up that word, and make another Star?
A Star, that will diſdain, like petty Lamps of Night,
To ſhine with borrow'd light;
Let Honour gild o're meaner Souls, and Thoſe,
Whoſe Actions want a gloſs;
Honour and Riches Sun to him can add no more,
Whoſe beamy Virtue was all bright before.

III. Now

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III.

Now, now, I mount uphigher,
Where great *Alcides* Star detains my ſight,
With almoſt ſuch a ſource of Light,
As if it ſtill were cloth'd with th' *Oetæan* fire;
That God-like Child who in his Cradle lay;
And did with hiſſing Serpents play:
Twas He that ſqueez'd out num'rous *Hydra's* breath,
Whoſe many Lives but multiplied the death;
Thus *Juno's* rage conſpir'd to make him great,
And kindly found out Dangers worthy his Defeat.

IV.

This well deſerving place
Thy Golden Character ſhall grace;
Alcides Star as yet does dimly ſhine,
And wants the Neighbourhood of thine;
For none, but God-deſcended he,
Can almoſt boaſt of his Equality;
Yet ſhould we look on things aright,
Examine 'em by Reaſon's light;
His big-fam'd Acts no Miracles expreſs,
He that was born of Heav'n ſure could perform no leſs.

V. How

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V.

How much beyond our wonder's He
Deriv'd of Earthly Pedigree
That did from no leſs Monſters the wild Nation free
For when Ambition, the baſe Ferment of the Soul,
Threw into a Calenture the Senſeleſs All;
Which by it's curſt ill-brooding Heat,
Did in each muddy Brain a Python-plot beget:
'Twas He that bravely undertook to quell
That Legion-Ill;
And whereſoe're he came,
He planted there a Monarchs name;
And with bold Sallies of Advice,
No ſooner ſtorm'd, but took the Forts of Vice;
How did it grieve him then to ſee,
Unballaſt minds wreck'd in Sedition's Sea,
And the ſmall *Cargo* of their wit daſh'd by thoſe waves away;
Whilſt he in all this Hurricane
Outbrav'd the fury of the Ocean;
No thickning Clouds his Loyalty could hide,
That was the Pole-ſtar ſtill his courſe to guide;
What gaping dangers need that Pilot fear,
Who amidſt threatning Storms by Heav'n his courſe can ſteer?

VI. See,

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VI.

See, see, the Scene is chang'd of late,
And now (my Lord) whither by Fate,
Or *Tokes*, we enjoy a Calme of State:
For by your deeds we juſt ſuſpicion find,
To think your generous mind,
Is not, like ſome trangreſſing Sonls, confin'd,
And cloſely impriſon'd in the narrow Span
Of Earthy man:
Till they with much of toil, and much of ſtrife,
Have drudg'd thro the Probation-State of Life:
But left it's Vehicle of purer Air,
And condeſcended to inhabit here.
Reſolved to become,
A Form aſſiſtent to this happy Throne;
Until Impatient Heav'n force your remove,
To the great Triple Monarchy above.

ODE

ODE II.

Against Sensual Pleasure.

I.

AWay, away, Thou Ape of solid bliss,
Fruition of Fools Paradice;
Mistaken Man! is this the fancy'd All?
The Tinsell'd Nothing? that we Pleasure call;
Oh Barbarisme! no figure can excuse
The gross abuse:
Pleasure is onely proper to the Soul,
That can our misled faculties controul;
Pleasure is that verdant Flow'r,
That ever blooms in *Epicurus* Bow'r;
Which neither all the nipping Frosts of fear,
Nor Sorrow's murm'ring Winds with rude embraces tear.

II.

Ah! could we but with searching knowledge come,
Into some quiet Soul's withdrawing Room;

Con-

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Content hemm'd round with joys, we there might find,
Content, the celebrated Sabbath of the Mind;
That builds her *Halcyon* Nest,
In the receſſes of a calmy Breaſt;
There ſits, and laughs at gay Appearances,
Which ſtill the gul'd, unthinking vulgar pleaſe,
Wherever Vice has plac'd the painted Scene
With the falſe Lights of Fortune ſet between:

III.

But ſtay (bold Fancy) flop thy flight, and ſtand
In proſpect of this Fairy Land;
Where Ghoſts of bliſs wantonly ſtray,
Grandeur, Luſt, Riches bear the Sov'reign ſway;
Grandeur, the hopefull'ſt Child, that e're had been
Train'd up in the wild Nurſery of Sin:
Grandeur, the firſt rate Vice.
Plac'd higheſt in the Liſt of Vanities,
The Stalking Shadow we ſo dearly prize;
The *Briſtol* Gem, that ſets the world at ſtrife,
And Silvers o're the Great mans Dream of Life;
But at the bright approach of Reaſons day,
The Airy Phantome ſlighly ſteals away.

IV.

The first Grandee that o're usurp'd the name,
Against th' Almighty levy'd wars,
And led out Sp'rits, like gilded Hosts of Stars;
No Seas of Bliss could quench his thirst of fame;
Michael at last encamp'd upon the *Azure* plain,
Where big charg'd Thunder lay,
Upon the Chrystal Battlements of Day; (vain.
Which quell'd the Foe, and render'd the great Project
This done, he boasted of's Defeat, and proudly fell;
To reign an Emperour in Hell,
Vassal of Happiness was too low a thing
He thought it worth the loss, to be a King!
He thank'd this bold Exploit, that could pro-
And bind Damnation sure; (cure,
Lest God should disobliging mercy have,
And Heav'n might find out some pretence to save.

V.

Go in thy mournful Empire reign,
O're all thy palefac'd meagre train;
Where fiery Deluges o'reflow,
All the sad glory Hell can show;

Tir

I'm vext that thy condition can't be worse,
And has forestall'd a further curse;
Methinks I hear thee groaning by
Under the heavy Tax of misery;
Begging of Heav'n the Priviledge to dye,
And cut of the Entail of Immortality.

VI.

Not yet (my Muse) are all thy arrows spent,
Go let thy Bow again be bent,
Here thy sharp Invectives shoot,
At Riches the white glitt'ring Butt;
Riches, that onely pity can implore,
When we so many Cullies see,
Lab'ring in Fortunes Galley-Slavery,
Condemn'd to dig in Mines, and drudge for sordid Ore:
Midas was curst enough with all the advantages
Conspiring wishes could invent,
To suite him to his punishment;
To which the well-pleas'd God did willingly consent,
To carry on his colour'd cruelties:
Ah might he still enjoy his glorious Famine, and behold
By his rich touching Alchymy,
His very Meat converted into Gold,

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Whilſt ſuch inſipid Luxury
Can ne're afford enought relief,
To furniſh Nature, and defray the ſmall expence of Life.
So fond of Death is he,
Who of the Plague could be content to dye
So he might view the gawdy Spots, and Purple bravery.

VII.

Happy *Diogenes!* thrice happy He!
Bleſt in the humble ſweets of Poverty;
Whoſe little Palace no rich Painting had,
No gilded Roofes but what the Sun-beams made;
Here he did out of Fortunes reach eſcape,
Where none, but Natures Landskapes, pleas'd his ſight,
With all th' unexpenſive, green delight,
She yearly pours into the Valley's flowry Lap:
Purple was here by ev'ry Vi'let worn,
And richer Scarlet cloath'd the bluſhing Thorn;
Thro Golden Fields a Silver Stream did play,
Pure as his thoughts, nor leſs ſerene then they:
Thus liv'd the Happieſt of Mankind,
Whoſe uncontroul'd, and free-born mind,

Like

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Like th' aſpiring Lark did upwards go,
Convers'd with Heav'n and left its viler Tenement be-
His potent Fancy made him Lord of All, (low.
That in Opinion lay,
Opinion, the large Empire of unbounded joy;
The great Pellean youth could ne're ſo happy be,
Tho with the vaſt Expence of Victory
He purchas'd for himſelf the over-rated Ball.

F. W.

TO

Like thy *Lucrece's World* my *Rhymes* advance,
No *artful* Structure, but the work of *Chance*:
The little *Atomes* of the *Alphabet*
Flew up and down, and long confus'dly met;
I know not how! at last there rose a *Frame*,
A *Building* sacred to thy glorious Name.

These my first *Numbers*, Sir, accept from me,
First Fruits, we offer to some *Deity*.
These *first* and *last* I Sacrifice to *Thee*,
Whilst great rich Poets throw in their Offering
Of their abundance, I my *Nothing* bring,
The onely *Mite* that in my *Treasure* lay.
They *much*, I *little*, yet I *more* then they.
But can my gift increase thy mighty store?
Can I augment thy Praise? 'Tis strange, yet sure,
A *Cypher* added makes the *Figure* more.
Could I deserv'dly praise, my Muse I'de prove
With *Flames* as strong as those wherewith *We* love,
I'de sing of Thee with great *Lucrece's* Fires,
Or such as *Waller's* greatest Muse inspires:
That great *Panegyrist*, whose rapturous Lays
Speak more the *Authors*, then the *others* praise.
What *he of thee*, or *thou of him* would'st say;
Such thou deserv'st, such onely I would pay.

Thou,

Thou, who art prais'd by all, but who repine
And angry grow 'cauſe now they cannot ſhine;
Meer *Touch-wood*-Wits, that ſhine but in the *dark*,
And ſtrait *take fire* at a riſing *ſpark*.

We doubt (my *Friend*) to whom the moſt we ow,
To your divine *Lucretius*, or to *You*;
'Twas he that *form'd* the *Gem*, thou mad'ſt it *bright*;
He made the *World*, Thou creat'ſt the *Light*
Thou reach'ſt his Senſe, and deepeſt Thoughts doſt ſee,
As if his *Soul* were thine, and thou waſt *He*;
Lucretius ſcarce did know *Lucretius* ſo,
His own great *Genius* knew him leſs then *Thou*.
If I thy *Language* praiſe, then I muſt tell,
Lucrece his Muſe could never ſing ſo well.
Thy *Engliſh* Style outſhines his *Latine* ſtrain,
He liſp'd at *Rome*, but ſpeaks in *Oxford* plain:
Void of *hard Terms*, the *Jargon* of the *Schools*,
Vain to the *Wiſe*, and onely *wiſe* to *Fools*;
Smooth, eaſy, flowing, faithful, chaſt, refin'd,
Clear as thy *Judgement*, *pure* as is thy *Mind*.
When e're thy Poets *Muſe* throws off her *dreſs*,
And wantonly doth ſhew her *Nakedneſs*,
Thou clap'ſt thy *Fig-leaves* on, and hid'ſt her ſhame,
Writ'ſt not with *hers*, but with a *Veſtal* flame.

Thou loath'ſt a *bawdy Muſe* without a Veil,
That *Glow-worm*-like ſhines onely at the *Tail*;
That faſhionable Muſe, whoſe Syren tongue
Kills all, yet all are pleas'd with what is ſung,
So many *Flies* leave *honey*, feed on *dung*.

I praiſe thee (Friend) 'cauſe Subjects thou haſt choſe,
Which honour thee as thou doſt honour thoſe:
Thou ſcorn'ſt the *Stage*, where Poets now-a-days
Write their own *Characters* in bawdy *Plays*;
Plays, that increaſe prophaneſs, luſt inflame,
The *Writers* ſcandal, and the *Hearers* ſhame.
'Tis this thou hat'ſt; and next the amorous Toys,
The ſcorn of *Men*, and the delight of *Boys*.
Phyllis my Goddeſs---Can ſuch *Ballads* pleaſe?
Can manly perſons ſing ſuch *Pſalms* as theſe?
Thou ſcorn'ſt to ſing with ſuch unmanly flame,
The young *Aſcanius* runs at nobler Game.
Exalted Subjects, deep Philoſophy,
Things above others, court thy Muſe and Thee.

Then other Poets thou excel'ſt in this,
They *Trade*, thou onely *Interlop'ſt* in Verſe.
Thou lov'ſt thy *Muſe*, but (Womans nature's ſuch)
Thou mak'ſt her kind by loving not too much.

It

It is the Curſe of Poets, they ſhould know
But little elſe but what to *Wine* they ow,
The *Laurel's green* where nothing elſe doth grow.
They crown their *ign'rance* with the *Poets* praiſe;
So *Cæſar* hid his *Baldneſs* with his *Bays*.
Who e're does how *Parnaſſus* Hills ſurround,
Can nothing ſee but *rocks* and *barren ground*;
No fruit or green on th' *Muſes Seats* do ly,
(So Travellers tell) nay *Helicon* is *dry*.
But thou art more then *Poet*, thou art ſeen
In *Arts*, for which the *Wiſe* have famous been,
As Cæſar *Conſuls*, thou art *learned Men*.
Thou with the *Sun* mak'ſt one continu'd day
In circling ſtudies ſhining all the way,
With an unweary'd eye doſt all things ſee,
As great a *Student*, and as *learn'd* as * *He*.
Strange *Metamorphoſis* in Nature ſeen!
Auguſt in thee and youthful *May* combine,
Autumnal Fruits with *Vernal* Flowers ſhine.
So learn'd and young, as if, like *Adam*, thou
Didſt know the more for being born but now.
So learn'd and young you are (my Friend) that you
Seem to have prov'd *Medea*'s Art was true,
That you were *old*, and did your age *renew*.

* *The Sun was* Apollo *the God of Learning.*

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Witneſs ye holy *Lars*, ye ſacred Pow'rs,
That with ſuch favour bleſs his fruitful hours,
Witneſs how often charm'd with learned talk,
And ty'd to him with *Ogmian Chains* I walk.
When e're the Sun withdraws his ev'ning ray
From me untaught by him, you hear me ſay
With *Titus*, grieving, *I have loſt a day.*
Pardon, ye Pow'rs above, if I repine
'Cauſe all is *dark* unleſs that *Sun* does ſhine.
You gave me being firſt, firſt crown'd my Brow,
But the younger, *Jacob*, firſt was bleſs'd by you;
He greater far was *born* then I am *now.*
Ah partial Heav'n! 'tis ſtrange one *Room* ſhould be
So *bleſs'd* by *him*, and ſo *unbleſs'd* by *me*:
True *Emblem* of the *Lake* of *Mexico*,
On that ſide *freſh* and fruitful Waters flow,
In this, that's *ſalter*, nothing good doth grow.
Thirſty I languiſh by the *Muſes* Well,
Like *Fiſhes* I *freſh* in the *Ocean* dwell.
Whilſt all the *Room* is moiſt, and *Dew* doth ly
On all the *Floor*, my *Fleece* alone is *dry.*
Ah mighty God! forgive when I implore,
Give me but this, and I will ask no more:

Since

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Since pray I can't new Miracles may ſhew
The *Place* all *dry*, *Me* onely bleſs'd with *dew*,
Ah ! ceaſe thy *Wonders*, give me *moiſture* too.

HUMP. HODY, Col. Wadh.

REASON.

I.

REASON thou vain impertinence,
Deluding Hippocrite begone,
And go and plague your men of Senſe,
But let my Love, and me alone.

II.

In ſmall concerns of life we'el own
Thy ſo much boaſted Sovreingty,
But ſacred Love, juſt like Religion,
Scorns, and throws off thy Tyranny.

III.

Illnatur'd, churliſh, illbred, thing,
Who me amidſt my Rapturous Joys,
Doſt with thy Checks of Conſcience ſting,
Whoſe bitter all my ſweet deſtroys.

IV. In

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IV.

In vain ſome dreaming, thinking Fool,
Wou'd make thee o're our Senſes reign,
And all our noble Paſſions rule,
And conſtitute this Creature Man.

V.

In vain ſome Dotard may pretend,
Thou art our Torch to Happineſs,
To Happineſs, which poor mankind
As little know, as Paradice,

VI.

At beſt, thou'rt but a glimmering Light,
Which ſerves not to direct our way,
But like the Moon confounds our ſight,
And only ſhews it is not day.

VII.

The Fool's the happieſt of mankind
Whom Tyrant thou doſt ne're controul,
No care diſturbs his thoughtleſs Mind,
Like night there's reſt and darkneſs in his Soul.

VIII. Nay

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VIII.

Nay even Brutes are far more bleſt
Then wretched humane kind:
For they thoſe Joys may freely taſt,
From which by *Reaſon* we're confin'd.

COYNESS.

I.

NAY, I confeſs I ſhou'd deſpiſe,
A too too eaſy gotten prize,
Be coy, be cruel yet a while,
Nor grant one gracious look, or ſmile,
Then ev'ry little grace from thee,
Will ſeem a Heaven on Earth to me.

II.

If thou wou'd'ſt have me ſtill love on
With all the Flames I firſt began,
Then you muſt ſtill as ſcornful be,
For if you once but burn like me,
My Flames will languiſh and be gone,
Like Fire ſhined on by the Sun.

III. All

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III.

All things that are obtain'd with eaſe,
As ſoon as gotten we deſpiſe,
Scarceneſs does much the value raiſe,
For this we far fought Jewels prize,
(For which o're Seas the Merchant runs,)
As worthleſs elſe as Pibble-ſtones.

IV.

Be Prudent then, and have a care,
Leſt I ſurprize thee unawate,
Let Pride and Scorn thy Guardians be,
And a diſſembled Modeſty,
That Curſe by which poor womankind
Are allways forced to hide their mind.

V.

Nor lay theſe arts too ſoon aſide,
In hopes your Lover faſt is tied;
For I have oft an Angler ſeen,
With over haſt looſe all again,
When if the Fool had longer ſtaid,
The harmleſs Fiſh had been betray'd.

VI. The

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VI.

Things to perfection quickly grown,
Do ſtill decay and die as ſoon,
My Love as yet imperfect is,
Born juſt like an *Embryo* dyes,
Thus early Flowers we often ſee,
Juſt bloſſome forth then fade and dye.

I.

ODES out of *CASIMIRE*.

ODE the 18th BOOK the 4th of *CASIMIRE* Paraphrastically Translated.

To the ROSE with which he vow'd to Crown the Virgin MARY with every June.

I.

FAir Rose, whom joyful Heaven does beget
With seminal showr's, and Bridegroom heat:
Whose shining leaves so flaming are.
Thou seem'st thy self a very Star;
Spring from Earth's Womb, thy lovely head display,
And blush from thy bright East a Purple day.

II.

To welcome thee ev'n Nature now does gild
With glittering Pride, each Bush and Field.
Soft Gales from Heav'n black Clouds do chase,
And Golden Smiles sit on it's face.
The Winter's rage grows calm, and flies away;
The West-winds sport, and clap their wings for Joy.

III. Spring

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III.

Spring gentle Flow'r; and ask not whose bright Hair
Shall thy gay, comely Odours wear;
For thou whose blush speaks thee to be
The Child of Virgin Modesty,
Ought'st not alas! thy Beauties to bestow,
On any common, or unhallow'd Brow.

IV.

Then Crown no more the prophane Vulgar's Head,
Thou'rt fit to be on Altars laid.
See how the sacred Virgins Hair
Flows loosely thro the flowing Air;
She sues by thy rich Purple to be Crown'd,
By thee she longs to have her Temples bound.

Out of CASIMIRE.

To QUINTUS TIBERINUS

ODE the 34th BOOK the 4th.

I.

NO---never think him truly rich, or great,
Whose fertile soil and large Estate

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Far more luxurious Crops, and Harvests yields
Than the most fruitful Eastern Fields;
Tho Fortune with rich Tides his Land o'reflows,
And Golden Seeds for Grain in his bright Furrow sows.

II.

Nor him whose Birth, whose Arms, and Father's Name,
Have made the Heir to wealth, and fame:
Whom Glory in her Chariot glittering bright
With Golden rays, and gemmy light,
Has born in Pomp, and a Triumphant shew,
Thro wond'ring cities, & all earth's vast kingdoms too.

III.

He's poor that wants himself, who proud to weigh
Himself against his Vanity,
He with his Titles, ponderous Baggs and all
His massy Gold can't turn the Scale;
And tho he adds his Lands, and whole Estate
In his own lighter Scale, he can't make up the weight.

IV.

He scarcely knows himself, and he seems great
Only in his own vain conceit;
Who, being pufft up with the false esteem
The Giddy crow'd bestow on him,

Wonders

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Wonders to see his Size so monstrous made,
In the Gygantick bulk of his own stalking shade.

V.

Let no false glittering treasure cheat thy sight,
With it's deluding foolish light;
Scorn swelling Titles without solid praise,
Which nothing but Ambition raise.
Like Boys thin Bubles for a while they fly,
They shine, look big, then burst and dye:
Get thou true Wealth from Vertues of thy own,
And learn thou to be Happy from thy self alone.

CASIMIRE Ode the 25th Book the fourth.

A Dialogue between the Child JESUS *and the Virgin-Mother, taken partly out of the First, Fourth, Fifth, Sixth and Seventh Chapters of the* Canticles.

I.

Child. O Virgin-Mother! fairer to behold
Then Stars Heav'ns glittering Diamonds are,

More

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More glorious then refulgent rays of Gold,
More bright more clear then Chryſtal far,
More pleaſing then rich Scarlet to the ſight,
More fair then Lillies clod in Virgin white.

II.

Virgin. Dear Child, then Purple *Heſperus* more clear,
More ſhining then the Midnight Moon,
Lovelier then Meadows that Springs Livery wear,
More radiant then the Sun at noon:
A Sea of Milk does all thy Limbs o'reflow,
And thou'rt more pure then Beds of Winter Snow.

III.

Child. Your ſparkling eyes two Silver ſtreams ſurpaſs,
That near to *Eſſebon* do ſtray,
Which when they long have bubl'd o're the graſs,
And ſported long in wanton play,
Wonder to find their wand'ring Streams ſuppreſt,
To bounds confin'd, and huſht in calms of reſt.

IV.

Virgin. Your ſhining Eyes as clear, and ſpotleſs look
As two white Doves in Milk waſht o're,
Which ſit upon the Bank of ſome fair Brook,
Or ſome tranſparent Rivers ſhore:

Yet

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Yet from those Balls of Snow bright flashes fly,
More swift then Lightning darted from the Sky.

V.

Child. Your comely Locks with circling glories deck
The shaded Beauties of your Face,
They add new whiteness to your snowy Neck,
And with loose pride your Shoulders grace;
Like *Gileads* new-washt Fleeces they appear,
But they with Sun-beams gilt are not so fair.

VI.

Virgin. As some green Palm about whose flourishing head,
It's verdant leaves for hair does grow,
So round your Cheeks your golden Tresses spread,
And down in Waves of Curles they flow;
Like Ravens wings they shine which glisten bright,
And cast a lustre from their very night.

VII.

Child. As from the Comb the Honey drops distil,
So from your Lips words gently fall,
With golden Tweets the ravisht Ear they fill,
And show'r down blessings upon all;
Or like Brid's long vail loos't from her hair,
They dance and revel in the sportive air.

VIII. *Vir-*

VIII.

Virgin. Within your mouth ſoft Accents gently glide,
And in ſwoln tides of Nectar ſwim,
Like generous Wine in a charg'd Bowl full tide,
Which ſparkling bright o'relooks the brim:
Your words are like fair Lillies when made wet,
And all with liquid gems of Dew beſet.

IX.

Child. Your two white Breaſts may with twin-Roes compare,
That in ſweet beds of Flowers ſtray; (compare,
And feeding on the Lillies, wanton there
'Till night ſhuts in declining day;
Which now grown old, weary and panting lies,
And all it's vital flames extinguiſht, dies.

X.

Virgin. Your Breaſts more bright then purple Cluſter ſhow,
Cluſters that fruitful Cyprus bears,
Or thoſe that in *Engaddus* Vineyards grow,
When crown'd with Grapes its head appears:
Thoſe bunches of ſoft gems that load the Vine,
Are not ſo beauteous as thoſe Breaſts of thine.

XI.

Child. Who looks upon your ruddy Cheeks may ſee,
Such various lively Colours ſpread

As

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As blushing Apples shew upon the tree,
All painted gay with streakes of red:
But in your Breast there heav'nly Beauties lye,
Too glorious to be seen by Mortal Eye.

XII.

Virgin. Who sees your face with wonder there shall view
Borders of Flowers in order stand;
Here Roses blow and palefac'd Lillies too,
All set by artful Nature's hand:
And he that choicest Flow'rs, or Spices seeks,
May have them in the Flourets of your Cheeks.

XIII.

Child. Who loves not thee his monstrous Breast is fill'd
With more unhumane cruelty
Then the most salvage woods and desarts yield,
Where Beasts on blood and slaughter prey:
Fierce Tygers, Serpents, Bears and Panthers seem,
All mild and gentle things compar'd to him.

XIV.

Virgin. Who loves not thee is more unconstant known
Then fickle Gales of veering wind;
He's more relentless then the Marble Stone,
Deafer then Seas, and more unkind:
The craggy Mountains raging fire and Sea
Are not so rough, so mercyless as he.

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SONG Set by Dr. *Blow.*

GO *perjur'd* man, and if thou e're return
To view the *ſmall* Remainders of my *Urn*,
When thou ſhallt *laugh* at my *religious* duſt,
And ask, where's now the *Colour*, *Form* and *Truſt*
Of Womens *Beauty*, and perhaps with rude
Hands riffle th' *Flowers*, which the *Virgins* ſtrew'd:
Know I have *prayed* to *pitty*, that the Wind
May *blow* my *Aſhes* up, and ſtrike thee blind.

Tranſlated by the ſame HAND.

I *To execrandis* perfide *paſſibus*,
Vagumque *retro ſi tuleris pedem*,
Viſurus extremas pudendæ
Reliquias inimicus *Urnæ*:
Si quando riſu *turbidus* improbo
Rectè monentem *remnere pulverem*
Proclivis, *Ornamenta quæres*
Fœminea fugitiva *formæ*;

Fortè

Fortè &, piarum *munera* virginum
Flores, profanâ *disiiccies manu*,
Huic sexui, Eheu! *quam* fugacis
Imperii *monumentum*, & Omen:
Utar protervi *vindiciis Noti*,
Vocabo & Euros, *tu cineris brevi*
Ultoris *insurgente* nube,
Perpetuam patiere *noctem*.

T. B.

The Extravagant. Written 1682.

ODE.

I.

HOW quickly are Love's *Pleasure*'s gone!
How soon are all its *mighty* Triumphs done!
In vain, Alas! do we the *Banquet* taste
Whose *Sweets* as swift as *Thought* are past.
In vain do we renew the *Fight*,
Whom ev'n the first *Alarms* do *basely* put to flight.

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II.

Happy *great Jove!* who in *Alcmena's* Arms
For *three* full *Nights* enjoy'd *Loves* Charms,
Nature turn'd *Bawd* her Monarch to obey,
And *pimping* Darkness *shut* out Day;
Whilst in *vast* joys the *half-spent* God did Sweat,
And his Lightning *fierce*, and as his God-head *great*.

III.

Bravely *begun*! Oh had it *mounted* higher
Fed still with *vig'rous* thought, and *fresh* desire,
Were I but *Jove* my *boundless* reign should prove
But one continu'd *Scene* of Love:
In *Extasies* wou'd I *dissolving* lye,
As long as all the *mighty* round of *vast* Eternity.

T. B.

A

A PARAPHRASE upon the XIIIth ODE in *Horace* Lib. 4. *Audivere Lyce* &c.

I.

LOng have my Pray'rs *ſlow* Heav'n *aſſail'd*,
But thanks to all the *Powers* above
That ſtill *revenge* the cauſe of *injur'd* love,
Lyce at laſt they have prevail'd:
Now full *amends* by *Heav'n* is made,
For who can *Providence* upbraid
That ſees thy *former* pride with *haſtned* age repaid?

II.

Thou'rt old, and yet by *awkard* ways doſt ſtrive
Th' *unwilling* paſſion to *revive*,
Doſt *dance*, and *drink*, and teach thy *Lyre*,
And *all*, to ſet ſome *puny* heart on fire:
Alaſs! in *Chloe*'s Cheeks Love *basking* lyes,
Chloe great Beauties, *faireſt* prize,
Chloe that charms our *Ears*, and raviſhes our *Eyes*.

III. The

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III.

The vig'rous Boy flies o're the barren Plains
Where sapleſs Oaks their wither'd Trunks extend.
(For *Love* like other *Gods* diſdains
To *grace* the *ſhrine* that age has once *profan'd*.)
He too *laughs* at thee now
Scorns thy *gray* Hairs, and *wrinkled* Brow,
How ſhould his *youthful* fires agree with *hoary* ages ſnow?

IV.

In vain with *wondrous* art, and *mighty* care
You ſtrive your *ruin'd* Beauty to repair,
No *far-fetcht* Silks one Minute can reſtore
That *time* has added to the *endleſs Score*,
And *precious* Stones, tho ne're ſo bright
They ſhine with their own *native* light.
Will but *diſgrace* thee *now*, and but *inhance* thy night.

V.

Ah! me *where's now* that meen! that face!
That ſhape! that air! that *ev'ry* grace!
That colour! whoſe *enchanting* red
Me to Love's Tents a *Captive* led:
Strange turn of *Fate*, that ſhe
Who from my ſelf *ſo oft* has *ſtoln* poor me,
Now through the *juſt* revenge of time *ſtoln* from her
(ſelf ſhould be,

VI. Time

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VI.

Time was, when *Lyce's pow'rful* face
To *Phillis onely* gave the place,
Perfect in *all* those *little Tricks* of Love,
That *charm* the sense, and the *quick* fancy move.
But *Fate* to *Phillis* a *long* Reign deny'd,
She *fell* in all her *blooming* Beauty's pride,
She *conquer'd* whilst she liv'd, and *triumph'd* as she dy'd.

VII.

Thou (like some *old* Commander in *disgrace*,)
Surviving the *past Conquests* of thy face,
Now the *great business* of thy life is done,
Review'st with *grief* what *Trophies* thou hast won:
Damn'd to be *parch'd* with Lust in *frozen* age,
And tho *past acti'n* damn'd to *keep* the Stage.
That all might *laugh* to see that *glaring* light
Which lately shone so *fierce*, and *bright*,
End with a *Stink* at last, and vanish into *night*.

By T. B. of Ch. Ch.

ODES.

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Odes Paraphras'd and Imitated.

The XIIIth Chap. of *Isaiah* Paraphras'd.

Pindarick ODE.

I.

Behold, proud *Babylon*, with trembling fear
Thy miseries and ruin's drawing near:
Thy Sins have rouz'd the great Almighty one;
And see the Harvest of his Fury's coming on.
Behold his bare Arm terribly stretch't out;
His pond'rous Sword is drawn, whose mighty
(weight
Can crush the World, and make it yield to Fate;
With fierce Revenge 'tis edg'd too for the fight;
And from it comes a dismal light;
Ruin and Destruction sit
In Triumph on the paint of it.
Lo! now his bloody Banner is display'd;
What num'rous Armies fly now to his aid?
See how they leap for joy, and heark how terribly they
(shout.

II. The

II.

The Armies on the Mountains ſtand;
And beckon to each other with the hand:
And hearke, methinks, I hear them ſay,
Hoe! noble Chiefs, let's march away,
Let us (Heaven's Emp'ror's Hoſt) ſit down
Before the boaſted Walls of *Babylon*;
Before their Nobles Gates; and there
Let us conſult to carry on the ſacred War.
Hither the *Medes* and *Perſians* all
Come at their Kings great call:
By his unutterable Name they ſwear;
That they no Age, no Sex, nor no Degree will ſpare.

III.

As ſome brave war-horſe, when the Trumpets ſound,
Eager to be amongſt his Foes, does bound,
And with his Hoof paws up the ground,
Then neighs about for joy to hear
The claſhing noiſe of Armes ſo near:
So they're impatient to engage,
To be the Scourges of Heaven's rage.
Not all thoſe Worthies, whoſe great deeds, and name
Are Regiſter'd, that they may be
A Pattern for Poſterity,
And wrote down in the Golden Rowls of Fame;

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Not *Saul*, and *David*, who did come
From *Helah*'s Plains in Triumph home,
Could ever boast of more success,
Or greater Battles to be won then these;
Armies shall be o'recome by them, and they
Shall all their Thousands, and ten Thousands slay.

IV.

Those many Plagues Heav'n did on *Ægypt* bring
To punish a Proud stubborn King,
Those Plagues shall be
Pour'd down on thee.
Huge Troops of Locusts o're their land did pass,
Which eat up all their Corn and Grass;
But these *(O Babylon)* shall yet do more,
They shall thy Fruit, thy Corn, and thee and all devour.
Thick darkness to be felt was there,
And no less darkness shall be here.
Th' Ægyptian Host was drown'd too in the Flood;
And all thy Princes, all thy Pomp, and State,
With them in this shall share an equal Fate;
For they too shall be drown'd in a Red-Sea of Blood.

V.

What dismal shouts th' affrighted Air do fill,
And from the Mountains they grow louder still,

Like

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Like those when routed Armies fly,
And all with one united voice proclaim their Victory.
Lo! the Worlds Gen'ral comes, and from afar
He brings with him his mighty men, and instruments of War;
Drawn by the winds now down he flies,
More swift then his own lightning from the skies.
And in a Chariot of thick Clouds does ride,
By Angels guarded on each side;
A rapid Tempest drives along before,
A rowling Sea of Thunder, whose loud Billows roar;
All to proclaim his coming, and triumphant pow'r.

VI.

Thus arm'd with th' Weapons of his wrath
And indignation he's come forth.
All to the Gen'ral Muster now repair;
The Lord of Hosts commands them to be there;
And first he views their order well, and then
Draws in Batalia up his men,
Sets ev'ry Troop and File aright,
And thus prepares them for the Fight:
Before him all his Chiefs their valour try,
Their skill in Armes, and arts of Chivalry:
And what may not such Armies do, (too?
Commanded thus by God, and by him thus instructed

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VII.

When troubled Nature hears this dreadful noiſe,
And roaring Thunder of th' Allmighty's voice;
With terror ſtruck, ſhe then ſhall ſtand agaſt:
The reeling Earth for fear ſhall quake,
And its dear Center then forſake:
The looſned Center too it ſelf ſhall ſhake:
The Earth on all the wings of fear ſhall fly as faſt,
As a ſwift Roe, when by the Hounds he's chac't,
And ſhe ſhall think thoſe Pangs ſhe feels, her laſt.
The Heavens ſtartled at this dreadful ſhew,
Shall ſhrink for fear and tremble too:
And ſtrange confuſions ſhall be hurl'd
Thro Earth, Thro Heav'n, and all the world.
Blind Night ſhall now miſtake her way,
And meet the Riſing Sun half way;
And all his Purple Majeſty of Morning light
Shall ſhrouded be in ſolid, and ſubſtantial night.
The Moon for want of borrow'd Rays ſhall be
A blotted Orb of dark obſcurity.
Thoſe Lamps, that guild the night, ſhall be blown (out,
In darkneſs looſe their way, in darkneſs wander all (about.

VIII. This

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VIII.

This day of Terror now ſhall quickly come.
Prepare, curſt City, to receive thy Doom;
With fierce wrath burning ſee the Lord
Brandiſhes o're thy head his Sword;
See how he now lifts up his hand
To ruine and deſtroy the guilty Land:
Each ſtroke of his vaſt ſlaughters ſhall beſtow,
And ſwift deſtruction ſhall attend the blow.
In vain ſhall all thy Armies fight:
In vain ſhal't thou attempt thy flight,
In vain thy Stratagems ſhal't uſe,
When Vengeance, and an angry God purſues.

IX.

Thy great Gygantick Sons of pride,
Who have both Heav'n and Earth defy'd,
Who on Ambition's towring Wings
Did ſoar above the height of all Earth's vaſſal Kings;
To whoſe commanding Scepters ſway
The tributary World did Homage pay,
Like leſſer Rivers to the boundleſs Sea;
Thy terrible, and men of might, (fright;
Whoſe names but mention'd, diſtant Lands cou'd

Who

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Who on the Necks of their ſlain Enemies,
And ſlaughter'd Monarchs to the thrones did riſe,
Shall be from all their glories tumbled down,
And on the Earth regardleſly be thrown;
But in their fall they ſhall be mangled ſo, (know,
No one thy Kings from common Slaves ſhall
Their Royal Blood mixt with baſe Slaves ſhall un-
(diſtinguiſht flow.

X.

Thy Inhabitants in ev'ry diſmal Street
Triumphant Grief in ſullen Pomp ſhall meet;
Vaſt Floods of Sorrow ſhall encompaſs them about,
And they in vain ſhall ſtruggle to get out;
Their Souls ſhall melt away in fear, (tear,
And Child-bed Pangs their lab'ring Breaſts ſhall
Their ſtrength ſhall languiſh and decay,
And they ſhall ſwoon and faint away.
The reſt fixt with amaze,
Shall on each other wildly gaze;
Their faces then ſhall ſeem to burn with ſhame,
And with hot glowing bluſhes kindle to a flame.
At theſe Al'arms thy Strangers all ſhall run (ſhun,
From thy curſt Walls the threatning Plagues to
And the black gath'ring Tempeſts rowling on.

And

And those, that there behind remain,
Shall serve but to augment the number of the slain.

XI.

In vain shall neighb'ring Kings with them combine,
And their auxiliary Forces joyn,
For all by the impartial Sword shall fall,
And all the lands be made one grave, and they one funeral.
The Mede to thy barr'd Gates shall go;
A numerous, pow'rful, and relentless Foe,
And thy strong Forts, thy Walls, and Bulwarks overthrow.
Not those rich births the Sun did e're beget,
Hatch't by his active genial heat,
Not Ophir Gold with its bewitching charmes
Shall bribe them to lay down their Armes,
Or have the pow'r to save
The meanest Vassal's Blood, or vilest slave:
They ev'ry Spring of life shall drein,
Shall suck up the last drop, and drink up ev'ry vein.
Thy glitt'ring wealth shall not delight their eyes;
They shall confound both that, and thee, and both alike despise.

XII. Then

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XII.

Then Fate with Carcasses shall pave thy ways,
And Mountains of pil'd deaths, high as thy Tow'rs, (shall raise.
To none thy cruel Foes shall Quarter give,
Their crime deserves death now who dare to live.
Ev'n new-born Infants shall no pity find,
Their deaf inexorable Ear
Shall not their tender cries, or Mothers Prayers hear:
If they give quick dispatch, they'll think they're kind.
Their helpless Mothers shall stand by,
And see their Children on the Pavement thrown,
Batter'd, and mangled on the flinty Stone;
Where they drown'd in their blood shall sprawling lye.

XIII.

Nor shall thy very houses be secure,
They shall their wild revengeful rage endure.
Of thy choice Riches they shall havock make,
And all thy Wealth, as their free Plunder, take:
Thus those vast summs, for which thou long didst toil,
Shall be the Souldiers cheap and easy spoil.
And after all when thy rich Cates and Wines
Have with hot lust enflam'd their swelling Veins.

Then

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Then to augment thy grief and fresh disgrace
Thy wives shall ravisht be before their husbands face.
Yet when they've quencht their lustful fire,
Their fury still shall flame the higher;
For then they shall rip up their teeming Womb,
And cruelly paint o're
The Embryo with his Mothers gore, (fore.
And expiate thus with blood, what they defil'd be-
The place that should give life, shall give a Tomb,
And they shall kill succeeding ages yet to come.

XIV.

Thus the proud City in which Kingdoms boast,
And *Chaldee* Monarchs glory most,
Which more refulgent now appear,
To lesser Towns and Cities round,
Then *Cynthia* 'mongst the vanquisht Stars,
When that bright Empress of the night
Dazles in her full Orb and rich majestick robes of light,
And with the Golden Sun-beams set with Gems of
(Stars she's crown'd.
Ev'n she and all her Pallaces which rise so high,
They seem to touch the neighb'ring Sky,
Shall levell'd with the Earth in their own ruins bury'd
Like *Sodom*, or *Gomorah*'s lustful Town, (down;
When Heav'n rain'd show'rs of Fire to burn it

An empty desolation shall embrace
The uninhabited and desert place;
An emptiness as great as that
On which old Primitive nothing brooding sate,
And all things from its fruitful Womb begat.

No gentle Shepherd here shall keep
His tender Flocks, or feed his Sheep,
No wandering Arabians here
Their numerous Streets of Tents shall rear,
Upon the unfrequented Plain;
And to a City no resort again.
Nothing here shall ever stay
But obscene Birds and Beasts of prey.
The Lyon, their stern Monarch shall possess,
And Reign in thy gilt Pallaces,
O're all his salvage Subjects of the wilderness.
The Satyrs here shall dance for joy to see
The Reliques of thy misery.
Fierce Dragons and Night-ravens here shall dwell,
But no ones death by dismal croaks foretel:
With hideous scrietches the foreboding Owl,
Shall fill each house, and Wolves in ev'ry street shall howl.

ODE

ODE the 15th of the First Book of CASIMIRE imitated, encouraging the Polish Knights after their last Conquests to proceed in their Victory.

I.

BElieve, ye after ages yet to come,
Believe the mighty Conquest won.
Jo! the mighty Conquest's won, and we
Have purchas'd a triumphant Victory.
The Turks they fly now basely all,
Their scatter'd Troops ignobly fall;
Gasping they beg your fatal Arms to cease,
And with their Blood they bargain for a Peace.

II.

What trembling fear did through their Army spread
And wing'd with fear how swift they fled,
When our great King in Honours noble race
Before him did their flying Heroes chase
Like *Jove* he then his Thunder threw,
And kill'd whole Myriads as they flew.

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Terribly bright his Sword, like Lightning, kills;
And num'rous deaths increaſe the neighb'ring Hills.

III.

What great amazements now the Tartars ſeize;
One faints for fear, another dyes.
The cruel Tartars, which no pitty knew,
On bended knees did now for pitty ſue;
When they beheld the *Danube*'s Flood
Rowl down in Tides of their own Blood;
And how the Boſpher to the Ocean fled,
In bluſhing ſtreams to hide his Captive head.

IV.

When they ſaw all their Chiefs, their men of War,
And Janizaries fly for fear;
Whilſt they beneath their ſhelt'ring Armes did bow,
And ſtrove now only to defend the blow;
They cou'd not now their Spears command,
They drop't from their weak trembling hand.
So meaner Beaſts of Prey to Lyons yield,
And leave the Spoil and Trophies of the Field.

V.

When *Buda*, *Gran*, and ev'ry Fortreſs near
Of their inglorious flight did hear,

The

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The noiſe of Armes, and groans of dying Men;
Their freſh diſgrace they eccho'd back agen.
When the ſad news *Byzantium* knew,
The great *Byzantium* trembled too;
Its lofty Tow'rs now ſeem'd to rock with fear,
As if our King play'd all his Thunder there.

VI.

Shall we thus crown'd with Lawrels and ſucceſs,
Lie all diſſolv'd in ſloth and eaſe?
Have we in vain with our Blood Honours bought?
In vain for future ages glories ſought?
Shall our example ſloth create,
And make our Sons degenerate?
Our ſprightly youth uſeleſs in War become,
And ſleep in peace and ſlavery at home.

VII.

Alaſs 'twill be a moſt upbraiding ſhame
(A hated truth I'de bluſh to name)
To ſee that ſprightly fire and gen'rous heat
(Which did our great Fore-fathers animate)
In us to languiſh and decay,
In us to dye and faint away:
And all their Warlike rage in us to waſt,
And ev'ry age grow worſe ſtill then the laſt.

Or

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VIII.

Or let us (who in all the Glories share,
Our Ancestors e're got in War)
Pull down the Trophies in our Temples hung;
(For which we lately *Io Paan!* sung)
Th' Imperial Flag (which our great King
Late from the Turkish Camp did bring)
The Armes, the Swords, the Helmets and rich spoil,
The just rewards of our great Leaders toil.

IX.

Let us pull down all those bright Armes, that be
Our Monuments of Victory,
And sacred Statues, which the likeness give
Of our great Fathers, in which still they live;
And let us all their Honours raze,
And burn the Records of their praise;
Least ev'n their Images shou'd blush to know
A Race so much unlike themselves, as you.

X.

Or if we hope our Glories to encrease,
And wou'd not live in lazy Peace;
With sacred Oaths let's in a League combine;
With brave *Lorrain* and *Staremburg* let's joyn;

And

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And let us once again act o're,
Those Triumphs we obtain'd before;
Whilst the curst Infidels to make it good,
Shall Seal and shall Cement it with their Blood.

XI.

O mighty Prince of everlasting Fame,
Whom Kings and Emperors joy to name,
Whom Glory on swift Wings to Heaven bears,
And fixes thy bright Praise amongst the Stars:
Thou Bulwark of the German Throne,
Thou Pride and Glory of thy own:
Stop thou not here, but as thou hast begun,
To greater Conquests lead thine Armies on.

XII.

March thro thick Groves of Spears with thy drawn Sword,
And to quick Victory give the word,
And let thy Glutton Blade (which twice before,
Has been made drunk with Turkish Heroe's gore)
Be nobly the third time embru'd
In a vast Sea of Turkish Blood;
And with thy Troops pull the proud *Sultan* down,
Tho *Mahumet* shou'd stand to guard his Throne.

A Fragment out of *Catullus* to *Lesbia*.

HAppy the man! thrice happy he
And equal to a Deity,
He, if it sounds not too too odd,
Is greater far then any God;
Who sits and hears, and sees you, while
You sweetly speak, and sweetly smile.
As soon as I my *Lesbia* see
My Senses all depart from me.
Nothing about me is secure,
From Love's and *Lesbia's* mighty pow'r.
My faultring Tongue now cannot speak,
My Heart swells up as it would break,
Each Vein is with her love possest,
And gentle Flames glide thro my Breast.
My Ears ring with a fancied noise,
My Soul faints with excessive joy,
My swimming Eyes grown dull of light,
Are clouded with a double Night.
Thy Sloth ha's done this injury,
Catullus it has ruin'd thee.
Too much you wanton in soft ease,
And that, alass! too much does please.
'Twas Sloth rich Cities first o'rethrew
Destroy'd both Kings and Empires too. CASI-

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CASIMIRE *Ode* the 23d *Book* the 4th.

To the Graßhopper.

I.

BLeſt Epicure of Race Divine,
Who, drunk with Heavens dewy Wine,
On ſome cool ſhady Tree doſt ſit,
And ſing upon the top of it;
Whilſt with the chearful Muſick of thy voice
Thou mak'ſt thy ſelf, and ſilent Woods rejoyce.

II.

Now ſince the tedious Winter's paſt,
And welcome Summer's come at laſt
(Which with ſwift Wheels ſtill hurries on,
And ſtill is eager to be gone)
Chide the Sun's haſt, with mirth the day prolong,
Make *Phœbus* ſtop his courſe to hear thy Song.

III.

As the moſt happy glorious day
Juſt brings it ſelf, and ſhews us joy;
So bliſs but ſmiles on us, and then
Snatches its ſelf away ag'en:
Our empty joys too fleeting ſtill appear,
But ſolid griefs too long and tedious are.

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EPIGRAMS Imitated.

Out of MARTIAL Book *the* 3*d* Epig. 33*d imitated.*

FOR God's ſake tell me what bold confidence
Does draw you up to Town, Dear Friend; from
Let not vain hopes your better ſenſe deceive; (hence?
If you'll go, tell me how you hope to live.
O Sir, you cry, I in the Laws will trade,
And eloquent as *W*------ Cauſes plead;
Nor ſhall the notedſt Gown with me compare
At *Doctors Commons*, or at *Weſtminſter*,
The Courts of Chanc'ry, or the King's Bench-bar.
F------ and *T*------ both did Cauſes plead,
Yet they, you know, could ſcarcely get their Bread;
Now they, like common Rogues, are forc't to ply
In Temple Walks and trade in Perjury.
Well Sir you ſay, if this thing does not hit,
I'll Poetize and be a man of Wit;
The lofty Verſes which from me you hear
With wonder you'll applaud your ſelf, and ſwear
That they as good as *L*----*s* or *D*----*s* are.

Heav'ns

Heav'ns Sir you rave, you talk ſo madly now;
Thoſe tatter'd things which out at Elbows go;
Which wait for Scraps and Coach-room at *White-hall*,
Are *Spencers*, *Cowleys*, *L---s* and *D-----ns* all.
Pray then adviſe, how I my courſe may Steer,
For I am now reſolv'd to ſettle there.
Why, Sir, if you're that ſtrange unheard of thing,
True to your Countries cauſe, your God, and King;
You by ſome Miracle perchance may thrive;
And by ſtrange luck may make a ſhift to live.

An Epig. *out of* MARTIAL *imitated* Book *the* 3*d*, Epig. 54.

SIR *Fopling*, you're a man of Faſhion grown;
The moſt accompliſht Blade in all the Town:
'Tis all the Ladies talk; but tell me this;
What a fine man of Mode and Faſhion is.
'Tis he thats all the morning at the Glaſs,
To put each Curle in it's moſt proper place,
And in affected forms to ſet his Face.

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That ſmells of Eſſence, and the beſt perfume,
Which does from *India* or *Arabia* come.
That when one ſpeaks (as if he did not hear)
Hums o're ſome wanton Song, or modiſh Air.
That Legs and Arms in various poſtures throws;
And ſeems to dance at ev'ry ſtep he goes.
That ſits among the women in the Pit,
And that he may be thought a man of Wit;
He whiſpers to the next as to a Friend,
Then in loud laughter does his whiſp'ring end.
That reads and writes Love-letters to and fro,
And does each Gallants Wench and Miſtreſs know.
Who, tho unbidden, is a conſtant gueſt,
At ev'ry Mask, at ev'ry Treat, and Feaſt,
But ſits in pain for fear the next ſhould ſtir,
And ſo diſplace his dreſs or Garniture.
Who knows New Market breed ſo well, that he
Can tell you Jack-a-Dandy's Pedigree;
And down from long deſcent pretends to trace
The famous Swallows or fleet Dragon's Race.
How Sir? what's this you ſay? is this Buffoon
Admir'd ſo for a Spark throughout the Town?
Believe me Sir, on Earth there cannot be
A more ridiculous trifling thing then he.

CA-

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CATULLUS EPIG. 3d.

YE Graces weep, weep all that's fair,
Ye Loves and Cupids shed a tear,
Weep ev'ry beauteous Youth and Maid;
My *Lesbia*'s pretty Sparrow's dead,
Her joy, delight, which she did prize,
And love more dear then her own Eyes;
For 'twas a lov'ly wretch, and sweet,
As ever Woman fancy'd yet.
Not better knew my charming Dear
Her mother, then this Sparrow her.
Always in *Lesbia*'s Lap it laid,
And there it hop't about and play'd;
Still to my Love it chirp't alone,
But now alass, alass, 'tis gone;
And takes its everlasting flight
To the black shades of endless Night;
Whence nothing, when by death 'tis slain,
Can ever make return again.
Ye curst shades; may no weak Ray
Chear you with dawning hopes of day.

Which

Which devour first and prey upon
All thats lovely, fair, and young:
O cruel Fates! what have you done!
Alas poor Sparrow thou art gone;
And *Lesbia's* swoln Eyes look red
With weeping for thee now thou'rt dead.

FRAGMENTS Imitated out of *PETRONIUS.*

A Fragment *out of* PETRONIUS *Imitated, beginning Thus*---- Non est, falleris *&c.*

YOu'r mightily deceiv'd, I swear,
And mightily (Dear Friend) you err;
Wretched's that State, in which you guess
Alone consists life's happiness.
'Tis not your proud hands to behold
Glitt'ring with Diamonds set in Gold,

Nor

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Nor, like an Emp'ror's Miſs, to wear
A Nations value in your Ear,
Nor all thoſe trifles to receive,
That the Exchange or Mint can give;
With all the ſhining toys, and coſt,
That wealthy *Lombard-ſtreet* can boaſt;
Nor is't, like Popes, our ſelves to pleaſe
With Holy Luxury, and eaſe,
Nor ſtretch't in ſloth to lye upon,
And ſink into ſoft Beds of Down.
Nor, in great Pomp, to ſit at Meat
In an Embroyder'd Chair of State,
And quaff rich Wines from Golden Plate.
Nor is't to have our Tables groan
Beneath the coſtly load thereon
Of Foul, Ragouſts, and Fricaſees,
And all thoſe French varieties,
Or Kickſhaws of the nobleſt Feaſt,
By *Locket*, or by *Lumly* dreſt.
Nor to poſſeſs all the rich ſtore
That our *Eaſt-India* Fleet brings o're.
But 'tis to have a Conſcience
Guarded with ſpotleſs Innocence;
And with bold courage to advance
Againſt the Shock of adverſe chance;

And

And not, as *M*---- did, to get
Amongst the dirty croud, and how
On both sides popularly low.
And not to be with fear poſſeſt,
Tho a Sword's drawn againſt your Breaſt.
The happy man that thus can be,
In ſpite of Fate, from danger free,
From fear, and meer Hypocriſie,
He may deſpiſe, and laugh in ſport
At the Intregues of State, and Court;
He at command may Fortune have,
And make her ſerve him as his ſlave.

On Womans Levity.

A Fragment out of PETRONIUS.

TRuſt thou thy Ship to Sea, and Wind,
But not thy ſelf to Woman-kind;
For the unconſtant Wind, and Sea,
Are Faithfuller by far then they.
All Maids are treacherous in their love,
And if by chance one conſtant prove,
I know not how ſhe e're could be
Made conſtant from Inconſtancy.

A

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A Fragment *out of* PETRONIUS *imitated, beginning* Candida ſidereis &c.

To his Miſtreſs.

YOU, fair *Coſmelia*, have two burning Eyes,
From which as from two Stars bright flames ariſe;
Your Neck with od'rous ſweets of Roſes flows;
Your ſhining Hair more wealth then Gold beſtow's;
Your ſweet delicious Lips are overſpread,
Like young *Aurora's*, with a Purple-red;
In various wantonneſs each branching vein
Do's your white Breaſts with blew Meanders ſtain;
Beauty it ſelf, youth, ſmiles, and ev'ry Grace
Do all pay Tribute to your heav'nly Face;
A dazling Goddeſſes bright form you ſhew,
The Queen of Beauty yeilds her ſelf to you;
Your Hand as made with Silver, does appear;
Your graceful Fingers long, and ſlender are;
Your pretty Foot do's ever tread upon
A ſhining Floor of poliſht Marble Stone;

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Nor ſhou'd ignoble Stones, or common Street
Hurt, or profane *Coſmelia's* ſacred Feet;
When you among the Beds of Lillies ſtray,
Their leaves drop down as proud to ſtrew your way;
Whilſt, like *Camilla*, over them you paſs
Leaving no print upon the Flow'rs, or Graſs:
Let others with rich Gemms, and Pendents deck
And Neck-laces of Pearl their head, and neck;
You only, Deareſt, can attract mine Eyes
When rifled of thoſe ſhining vanities.
All who view your Perfections, grant you be
As much above their Praiſe, as Flattery.
The Muſes, and the *Syrens* ceaſe their Song
At the ſoft Muſick of your charming Tongue;
From which encreaſing ſweets do ever flow;
And my poor panting Soul you raviſh ſo,
That to your wretched ſlave you cruel prove,
And dart at him a Thouſand ſhafts of Love.
A rageing flame feeds on my wounded heart,
And 'tis incurable by Surgeon's art:
But one kiſs from your Lips, on mine impreſt,
Can baniſh theſe fierce tortures from my Breaſt;
This healing Med'cine can my griefs controul,
And cure the ſad diſtempers of my Soul.

Let

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Let not your Face such killing fierceness wear;
Ah! do not thus my Nerves in pieces tear;
Nor let my Tomb, when I am dead, complain,
That I was by my Dear's unkindness slain.
But if you think this Boon too great to grant
To me your slave, and humble suppliant,
Yet grant me this, that when I breathless lye,
Kill'd with the murdering Lightning of your Eye,
You would in your white Arms embrace me then;
And so restore me to my life agen.

A Fragment *out of* PETRONIUS *imitated, beginning Thus* — Quisquis habet nummos *&c.*

THE wealthy Lord thro Storms at Court may sail
Into Preferment with a prosperous gale.
On Honours gilded Pinacles may stand,
And have the world, and Fortune at command;
He by his tempting Golds all mighty charms
Can bring a Queen, or Princess to his Arms;
And bribe her Father, tho a King, like *Jove*
With a bright show'r of Gold to grant his love.

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He can be Lord-Chief-Juſtice, Counſellor,
Can grace the Pulpit, and adorn the Bar,
And foil the greateſt Rook at *Weſtminſter*.
He with nice art the choiceſt Verſe can write,
Can baffle *D*----- and the men of Wit:
The Matchleſs *C*----*ly*, and Great *W*----*ler* ſeem
Rude, and unpoliſht, when compar'd to him.
If you have Wealth you may do what you pleaſe,
The Judge, or Prieſt your awful Nod obeys,
All ſtrait your skill, and mighty learning own
And you're a *St*-------*t*, or *Pemberton*.
All things obey your Gold, and you may have
What e're your wanton thoughts, or wiſhes crave.
You of all pow'r, and Grandeur are poſſeſt,
Have Heav'n, and *Jove* himſelf too in your Cheſt.

VER-

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VERSES on ſeveral Occaſions.

Love in a Trance.

SONG.

I.

BEneath a dark and lonely ſhade,
In a remote, and ſilent Grove,
(A ſecret place by Nature made
For Novices to practice Love:)
Young *Corydon* brought *Cloris* here
To walk with him, and take the Air.
Chorus. *The God of Love ſtood by, and ſaw,*
And ſmiling laught out Ha-Ha-Ha.

II.

But as they walk't the Shepherd ſaid
Shall I requeſt one thing of you,
Tell me (dear *Cloris*! charming Maid)
Ah! tell me if you love me now;

If

If you say no, then know that I
Your faithful *Corydon* will dye.
Cho. *The God of Love, &c.*

III.

Quick blushes on her Cheeks did rise,
Tumultuous joys heav'd up her Breast,
Her flaming Soul flash't thro her Eyes,
And she in smiles her love confest;
Says she so may you still prove true,
As I love you, and only you.
Cho. *The God of Love, &c.*

IV.

The Youth thus rap't in hopes of bliss,
Did gently squeeze her hand, and then
He gave the willing Maid a Kiss,
Which kindly she restor'd agen;
Then hand in hand they walk't along,
And sung with mutual strife this Song.
Cho. *The God of Love, &c.*

V.

Corydon.

O my dear *Cloris*, far more fair,
Then Virgin Lillies newly blown,

More

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More ſweet then flowry Meadows are,
And ſofter then young Swans firſt Down;
More bright, more ſmooth then any Glaſs,
Thou do'ſt all Woman-kind ſurpaſs.
Cho. *The God of Love, &c.*

VI.

Cloris.

Strong as yon' Mountain thou art found,
As high, and lofty is thy head,
And like the Wood, with which 'tis crown'd,
Thy Hair do's round about it ſpread:
Yet ſoft, and gentle is thy Mind,
And thou ſurpaſſeſt all Mankind.
Cho. *The God of Love, &c.*

VII.

Cowydon.

My *Cloris* is the joy of Swains,
Her Sexes Envy, and its pride,
The prize, and conteſt of the Plains,
And wonder of the Towns beſide:
Was fair *OEnone* here again,
And lov'd me now, ſhe'd love in vain.
Cho. *The God of Love, &c.*

VIII. *Cloris*

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VIII.

Cloris.

Young *Corydon* is fleek, and gay,
Yet makes the ſturdieſt Shepherds quake,
Corydon's Lord of ev'ry *May*,
And wins the Garland ev'ry Wake;
Nor would I leave my charming Boy
For Shepherd *Paris*, and his *Troy*.
Cho. *The God of Love, &c.*

IX.

Corydon.

I, my fair *Cloris*, have for you
A pretty Lamb-kin in my Fold,
Ripe Apples, Plums, and Cheſtnuts too,
And Grapes, with Purple ſtreakt, and Gold,
With Curds, and New-milk from the Cow;
And I have kept it all for you.
Cho. *The God of Love, &c.*

X.

Cloris.

I have a Pipe that's neatly made,
Which out of Six more was my choice,

On

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On which ſweet Lays *Menalcas* play'd,
But not ſo ſweet as is your voice;
This, and a Crook, the Swain gave me
But I've preſerv'd them both for thee.
Cho. *The God of Love, &c.*

XI.

Scarce this the Shepherdeſs had ſaid,
But the Swain claſp't her round the Waſt;
Kiſſes ſweet interruptions made;
Whilſt they in eager arms embrac't,
And their Lips to each others fixt
Ten Thouſand, Thouſand Kiſſes mixt.
Cho. *The God of Love, &c.*

XII.

Then down they ſate upon the Graſs,
Where Boughs did meet ſo thick above,
The Sun's Rays could not thro them paſs,
Nor with one gleam moleſt their love;
And here they toy'd, whilſt *Cloris* made
A Chaplet for her Lovers head.
Cho. *The God of Love, &c.*

XIII.

Thus, like the two firſt Lovers they,
(Yet free from guilt or an offence)

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On od'rous Bankes of Flowers lay
In their first state of Innocence,
But Love the subtile Serpent play'd,
And both their Innocence betray'd.
Cho. *The God of Love, &c.*

XIV.

Their Lips still joyn'd, like billing Doves,
With ardent breathings of desire,
They secretly enflam'd their love,
And set each others heart on fire.
Their passion's such, that you would swear
Like Doves too they'd engender there.
Cho. *The God of Love, &c.*

XV.

Shepherd (says she) what would you do?
Ah! what a cruel kindness this is,
O Cory-Corydon I vow
You'll stifle me anon with Kisses;
O fy let go, O fy (says she)
By *Pan* I think you'll murther me.
Cho. *The God of Love, &c.*

XVI.

Cease or I'll scratch, and tear your hair,
You've bit my Lip you naughty Swain,

One

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One balmy Kiſs (ſays he) my Dear
Will heal't, and make it well again;
With that he preſt her Lips once more,
And cur'd the wound he made before.
Cho. *The God of Love, &c.*

XVII.

Cupid at this well pleas'd, crept nigher,
And whiſp'ring in his Ear, he ſaid,
'With equal flames I'll both inſpire,
'Be valiant, and attack the Maid,
And as they talk't of future joy,
He grew more bold, and ſhe leſs coy.
Cho. *The God of Love, &c.*

XVIII.

But ſtruggling long the Nymph by chance,
Or elſe by mighty love o'repow'r'd,
Upon the place fell in a Trance,
Where greedy he his Prey devour'd;
And now his wanton hand does rove
Thro hidden Labyrinths of Love.
Cho. *The God of Love, &c.*

XIX.

At laſt, he Lov's ſoft Altar ſeiz'd,
The Mine where endleſs treaſures grow,

Where Rage is tam'd, and Anger pleas'd,
Whence Tides of living Pleasures flow;
And whilst by Love entranc't she lies
The youth performs the Sacrifice.
Cho. *The God of Love, &c.*

XX.

When Sense return'd again (says she)
In what a Heav'n of bliss I've been,
What raptures did attend on me!
What Visionary joys I've seen!
Heav'n cannot with those joys compare,
For methoughts *Corydon* was there.
Cho. *The God of Love, &c.*

XXI.

They had not ceas'd from Duty long,
But they with fiercer flames did burn;
Their rising passion grew more strong,
And violent Fits of Love return;
And as their heaving Breasts they swell,
Into a Trance again she fell.
Cho. *The God of Love, &c.*

XXII.

Thus rap't in joys, and Extasy,
Thrice did they raise each others Charms,

Thrice

Thrice did they languiſh, thrice did dy,
Circled in one anothers Arms:
And thrice more was the Nymph inclin'd
Had he been ſtout as ſhe was kind.
Cho. *The God of Love, &c.*

XXIII.

But as back to their Flock they went,
A Purple Bluſh her Cheeks did die,
Yet both were pleas'd, ſhe innocent,
For tho ſhe bluſht, ſhe knew not why,
Then at Love's Shrine they vow'd to pay
Such joyful Off'rings ev'ry day.
Chorus. *The God of Love ſtood by, and ſaw,*
And ſmiling laught out Ha-Ha-Ha.

The VIOLET.

I.

HAil! infant Flow'r! Heav'ns cheifeſt care,
Darling of all the Groves, and Woods,
More Beautiful, more ſweet, more fair
Then all their gawdy Flow'rs, and Buds.

Thou

Thou ſpring's ſoft joy, mankinds delight,
Cloath'd in gay Purple Robes of light,
On whom *Phœbus* does his Progreſs take,
And all the Earth one painted Landſcape make,
His Pencil does nice ſtrokes impart
Of double care, and double art;
And on thee nobler Colours does beſtow,
Then thoſe with which he paints his heav'nly Bow.

II.

Hail thou the Springs firſt Purple Morn,
Thou Bright *Aurora* of its Eaſt,
That do'ſt the riſing year adorn,
In thy rich Princely Honours dreſt;
And when thy teeming Mother Earth,
Gives thee her little Infant Birth,
She feels no Pangs tho labouring all the while,
But at the ſight of thee begins to ſmile:
She ſmiles, and all the Trees around,
And Earth with Buds, and Graſs are crown'd,
Brooks murmur out their joy, the Birds they ſing
To welcome thee, the Goddeſs of the Spring.

III.

Now Weſtern Gales begin to ſport,
And am'rouſly about thee move,

And

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And thee with tender voice they Court,
And in ſoft ſighs they whiſper love,
Then, as they Kiſs in wanton play,
Increaſing Sweets they bring away;
Which thence upon their downy Wings they bear,
And all along perfume the circling Air.
And when with their ſweet prize they come
On joyful Wings, in Triumph, home,
Young, new-fledg'd Winds, lur'd with theſe ſweets, fly out,
And with them, to embrace thee, roam about.

IV.

Whence! Nature's Prægnant wonder whence?
Had'ſt thou theſe various Treaſures! tell;
That thus thou ſhould'ſt delight each ſence,
The taſt, the touch, the ſight, and ſmell.
What would not Monarchs give to be
Chang'd to the Happy ſhape of thee?
When thee each Grace, and every Nympmh does wear
In Chaplets bound about their Fragrant Hair.
Fair Maids (and ſure there's nought ſo gay
Beſides thy Beauteous ſelf, as they)
Treaſure thee in their Breaſts, and think they are
Never ſo charming, as when thou art there.

V.

Nor is it wonder this kind Flow'r
Should to the fair propitious prove, That

That it ſhould have a Sovreign pow'r
O're Womans Beauty, and our love:
For when kind *Venus* ſtrove to ſhield
Her Son *Æneas* in the Field,
She from a *Grecian* Spear receiv'd a wound;
And as the Purple ſhow'r dropt on the ground,
Immediately the pretious Juice
This pretty Infant did produce;
And ever ſince upon this Flow'r remains,
The Noble Die ſhe gave it from her Veins.

VI.

And as all Beauty, and each Grace;
In all their Strength, and Charms are ſeen
In *Cytherea*'s lovely Face,
And juſtly ſtile her Beauty's Queen;
So in this Flow'r alone does meet
All that's lovely, fair, or ſweet.
When Jeſs'mine, and the Woodbine near thee grows,
They all their Sweets, and all their Beauties looſe:
That they to thee may Homage pay,
They breath their Fragant Souls away.
All Flow'rs to thee, all Sweets, and Perfumes yield,
The little Purple Monarch of the Field.

Re-

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Resolv'd to Obtain.

DEar, I have suffer'd much, 'tis true,
Yet I will suffer more for you;
For what would not a Lover bear,
For one so good, so young, so fair.
Jacob serv'd Sev'n Years Slavery
For one less Beautiful then thee;
And after all his Bondage past,
Leah was his Reward at last:
I twice Sev'n Years will be a Slave,
May I with him my *Rachel* have,
Oft have I born (my Soul) you know
The Thunder of your angry Brow;
And ah! how oft you've made me dye,
With the fierce Lightning of your Eye.
'Which like a *Porcupine* do's dart
'A Thousand Shafts from ev'ry part.
You often, to augment my pain,
Have lookt on me with cold disdain,
Nor would you my Addresses hear,
But bad me languish in dispair.

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But then you ſtrait unlock't your Charms,
And took my Rival to your Arms,
And this too well you knew would be
Ten Thouſand Thouſand deaths to me.
If all the wracks which I have born,
If all your diſreſpect, and ſcorn,
If all I've felt be not enough,
To make me yet deſerve your love;
Dear Madam, if you can invent
Some greater witty'r puniſhment;
Command me what you pleaſe to do,
All wracks and plagues to undergo,
And I will ſuffer all for you.
Love above Sence or Reaſon flies,
Knows no Impoſſibilities.
Perhaps ſome dull Fools there may be,
Who could call this meer Tyranny,
Who Natures Salique Law maintain,
And ſpeak againſt a Womans Reign,
And ask me how I can endure
To fry thus in Loves Calenture.
Ignorant Fools! they little gueſs
This is the way to Happineſs.
Thus ſuffring Saints to Heaven come
Thro Tortures, Flames and Martyrdome.

And

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And thus that *Indian* Prince is known
Best to deserve the dear bought Crown,
Who at his Tort'rings flinches least,
And bears his cruel sufferings best:
Thus I at length, in spite of Fate,
And all my Rivals will be great,
And the triumphant Monarch prove
Of the rich Empire of your Love.

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Several ELEGIES out of the First and Third Book of *Ovid's* AMOUR'S Imitated, and Paraphrased.

ELEGY the 9th, BOOK the 1st.

To ATTICUS: that a Lover and a Souldier ought not be Idle.

BElieve me Friend, all Lovers Souldiers are,
For *Cupid* has his Tents, and Lovers War.
The self same age is fit for War, and Love,
Youth do's the Warriour, and Gallant approve.
The Souldier with the fumbling Lover grows,
When age comes on, alike ridiculous,
The vigorous youth, the strength, and sprightly fire
In a stout Souldier Captains would require,
A Lady do's in her Gallant desire:

An

An equal place of rest to both is found,
Their cold uneasy Bed is on the ground;
Both rise up early, and both sit up late,
Both stand as Sentinels by equal Fate,
This at his Captain's Tent, that at his Ladies Gate.
The Souldier, if his Leader but commands,
With toil do's march to the remotest Lands:
And when a Mistress from her Lover's gone,
He'll take his journey for her with the Sun;
Sad and unwearied still he'll roam about,
Till he has found his dearest Treasure out.
A Lover, like *Hannibal*, will cut his way
Thro Mountains, Alps of Snow, and deepest Sea,
Tho storms of Rain, and Wind swell up the Waves,
And all the Billows seem so many Graves;
When he a Voyage makes to see his Dear,
He do's no Wind, nor Sea, nor Planet fear,
Dauntless he fights thro all, tho Billows rage,
Tho Heav'n, Sea, Wind against him all engage.
Lovers and Souldiers only with delight
Can bear the Tyranny of piercing night,
And carelesly with pleasure undergo
Fierce storms of Hail, of Thunder, Rain and Snow.
The Souldier slily scouts about to spy
The Wiles, and Projects of the Enemy;

With

With quick-ey'd jealousy the Lover too
Does still his Rival, as a Foe, pursue:
This lays a Siege before a strong fenc'd Town,
That arm'd with Flames, Love's Fire-works, lies down
Before the Threshold of his cruel Fair,
And shoots out wishes, sighs and tears at her.
This makes 'gainst City Gates his Canon roar;
With * *Betty's* that assaults his Ladies door. * *An Engine.*
When a deep Sleep an Army do's surprize,
Disarms their Hands, and closes up their Eyes;
'Tis thought a Stratagem to stop their breath,
And change its image Sleep, to real Death.
Thus did *Ulysses Rhesus*'s Troops destroy,
He took their Fatal Steeds, and Lives away,
And by this means alone he conquer'd *Troy*.
Thus to their sleeping Foes bold Lovers come,
They kill the Cuckold, and supply his room.
The wretched Lover, and the Souldier goes,
Where thickest Troops of dangers do oppose,
Thro midnight Watches, strongest Guards they pass,
Thro barracado'd Gates, and Walls of Brass.
Venus, and *Mars* alike uncertain are,
And the Intrigues of Love with those of War;
As conquer'd Slaves the Victory oft regain,

And

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And Conqu'rors fall 'midst all their Pomp and Train;
So the brisk Spark that do's at once subdue
His Ladies heart, and injur'd Rival too;
May be cashier'd of all his hopes of Love,
And the disbanded Slave the Fav'rite prove,
Thus he may rise again in her esteem,
And, in his turn, may triumph over him.
Now he that calls a Lover idle, lies;
He is a man laborious, bold, and wise;
And he that for the War, or Love is fit,
Must be a man of courage, sence, and wit.
Fierce flames of Love scorch't great *Achilles* Breast,
When of his Mistress he was dispossest;
He and his courage did to Beauty yeild,
It made him leave his Armes, and quit the Field.
Now *Trojans* to the Spoil, and Plunder fall,
For Love has foil'd *Greece* in their General.
Hector from his Wives soft Embrace arose,
From thence he went to Combate with his Foes;
Early he left the Pleasures of her Bed,
And her hand plac'd the Helmet on his head.
Cassandra to *Atrides* seem'd so fair,
Tho in disorder'd looks, and flowing hair;
That, at her form amaz'd, he did adore
The wretched Captive he subdu'd before.

Mars

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Mars did with *Venus* melting joys repeat;
When *Vulcan* clos'd 'em in his curious Net;
All Heav'n saw them in amorous Folds embrace,
And ev'ry God, and Goddess wish't their place.
Nature did by my make seem to express,
That I was born to sloth, and idleness;
Cool shades, and Beds of Down could only please,
I liv'd debaucht in luxury and ease;
Till body, courage, strength, and all began,
To soften, and degenerate from man;
A beauteous Girl spur'd up my lazy mind,
And loves brisk flame my drossy Soul refin'd.
Love gave command, forthwith I did obey;
The sweet of blisses, and pleasure were the pay,
Which made me fight in Loves Tents night, and day.
Hence I was taught to watch, and labour too,
Love made me bravely fight, and boldly woo.
At Loves command thro midnight broils I strove.
The man that wants employment, let him love.

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Book the First, Elegy Tenth.

To a Girl dehorting her from asking Money for her Love.

ONce I confess I doated on that face,
And thought you fair as ever *Helen* was,
Whom *Paris* in his *Trojan* Navy brought
With the rich prize of all her Beauties fraught,
Whose sparkling Eyes did rival flames inspire,
Made Nations War, and set all *Troy* on fire:
Or *Leda* fair; to whom the Thund'rer came,
And in a Swan's soft Feathers hid his flame,
Whom he did cozen in a borrow'd shape,
And in feign'd innocence did steal a Rape.
Strong jealous fears did then torment my Breast,
And my suspicions with my love encreast.
Then ev'ry Bull, and Eagle I did see,
I fondly thought 'twas sent from Heav'n for thee;
And all those shapes I fear'd, that am'rous *Jove*
Was ever Metamorphos'd to by love.

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But now those fears are vanish't all away,
And all my former flames of Love decay;
Nor can that Face, which once did charm me so,
Delight my wondering eyes with pleasure now.
If you ask, why I'm chang'd, 'tis quickly known,
It is because you're Mercenary grown;
And this sole cause do's raise my hatred more,
Then all thy charms could do my love before.
While thy unbiast mind was simply true,
I lov'd thy very Soul, and Body too:
But since thy Soul's debaucht, methinks I find
Thy Body grow deformed like thy Mind.
Cupid's a naked Boy, and scorns the vice
Of sordid Gain, and griping Avarice,
An old mans dear beloved Paradice.
He wears no garment, intimating by't,
Love should be open, and without deceit.
Why do you thus the God of Love prophane?
And make him turn a Prostitute for Gain?
What should he do with Gold? he's all undrest,
And cannot treasure't in his naked Breast.
The Common-Whore for Gain do's beat the Streets,
And strikes a Bargain with the next she meets;
She wearies Nature, rambles up and down,
For the poor recompence of Half-a-Crown:

Yet

Yet she, too, curses the imperious Bawd,
Whose Avarice still makes her ply the Trade;
And what the Bawds command compels her to,
You of your own accord ignobly do.
Let Beast themselves your great example be,
Learn from unthinking Brutes Civility;
'Twill be a base, a shameful thing to find
The Beasts more gen'rous than Woman-kind.
The Mare from the brave Horse no gift receives,
But all the Charms of Love she frankly gives;
The Heifer asks no Present, but do's court
The Bull with am'rous Lowings to the sport;
Nor does the Ram the gentle Ewe decoy
With rich alluring Presents to the joy:
Base Woman triumphs in the spoils alone,
And Trophies of the Men she has undone;
'Tis she, and she alone do's Gold require,
That sells Delight, and sets her self to hire;
She vends those pleasures which both joyntly crave,
Those melting joys that either long to have;
And as she do's the am'rous Fight renew,
She has the pleasure, and the profit too.
Since the bliss does to both 'like charming prove,
And flows to both in equal Tides of Love,

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Tell me (curst Gilt) the reason? Tell me why,
One should the pleasure sell, another buy?
Why should the luscious Sweets of *Venus* be
To you a profit, and a loss to me?
For if you in fierce bounds give up the joy,
I push my love on and meet yours half way.
How impious is that Mercenary 'Squire,
That trades in Perjury and swears for hire?
Or the corrupted Judge, whose slavish mind
Is to the itch of Bribery inclin'd;
How base that Counsellor, whose purchast breath
Rescues a Traytor, or a Thief from death?
Who from the Custome of the Judgment Seat,
Rises from nothing to a vast Estate,
And prostitutes his Conscience to be great.
Your crime's as great, who, by meer int'rest led,
Encrease your Portion from the Gilting trade,
And the Revenues of an Harlots Bed,
Who sell each look (by pow'rful Guine'a swaid)
While your own beauties Bawds t' your lusts are made.
Out of meer Gratitude our thanks are due
For Favours freely we receive from you;
But when by hire, or sale you're made my own,
Pray tell me where's the Obligation?

Who

Who hires his Wench pays down his Cash, and he
Ev'n from the least return of thanks is free
For her damn'd kindness, and Civility.
For shame leave of ye charming, beauteous train,
To bargain for Nights Joys for cursed Gain;
No good Event such Riches can attend,
They make ye but more wretched in the end.
Great were the *Sabine* Bribes, yet not so great
Tarpy for them should purchase her own Fate,
Or that she from their weighty Arms should have
At once her certain Murder, and her Grave.
Alcmeon ript up his own Mother's Womb,
Those Bowels from which he himself did come;
Because that she her Husband did betray,
And for a Necklace gave his Life away.
Yet Gold from rich Gallants you may require;
His Gold can purchase what you can desire.
From Vineyards gather Grapes, where on each Vine
Thick clust'ring Bunches hang, swol'n big with Wine;
Alcinous's Orchards Apples can bestow,
Where tempting Fruit hangs on each lab'ring Bough.
A poor man pay attendance, service, faith,
Each Lover gives his Mistress all he hath,
My Talent is gloriously to rehearse
The kind deserving Ladies in my Verse;

Whom

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Whom e're I please, by my great Art shall be
Sung like my Verse to all Eternity.
Those Rings, this dress, those gems that shine so gay,
Will crumble into Dust and fade away;
But that ne're dying Fame, the Muses give,
Shall be immortal, and for ever live.
Nor do I grudge to give; but I abhor
A Wench that asks me like a Common-Whore.
Cease but those impudent demands, and I
Will give you, what I did before deny.

ELEGY

ELEGY the 11th Book the First.

To the Waiting-Maid, that she would convey his Letter to his Mistress.

KInd *Jimy*, who art exquisitely read
In the soft arts to dress thy Lady's head;
Too good, and too obliging, and too fair
The servile name of Waiting-Maid to bear,
Obsequious, known to all my gay delight,
And useful to the stolen joys of Night;
Who oft by signs dost wittily impart
The wanton wishes of your Ladies heart:
Thou who dost often kind advice bestow,
And tempts *Corinna* to me when she's slow;
Who still to me dost true, and faithful prove,
When my Breast travels with fierce pangs of Love:
Here, here, take this, fly swift as thought away,
And to my Mistress, these soft Lines convey;
With care prevent the dangers of delay.
In your kind Breast no Flint, nor Iron grows,
That gentle Land with Milk and Honey flows;

More

More ſimple truth, and faith is found in thee,
Then any one of your mean quality,
I've reaſon to believe your tender heart
Ha's felt the wound of Love's tyrannick Dart:
For you defend Love's Standard, which I bear,
Thoſe Royal Enſigns, under which you war.
If ſhe ask, how I do, this anſwer give,
'Say, I in hopes of one Nights Bleſſing live:
Tell her but this, my Letter ſpeaks the reſt,
My flame is there in dying words expreſt.
But whilſt I ſpeak, deceiving time poſts on,
Go bear this to my Miſtreſs, fly, be gone.
Time well your meſſage, give it her, when ſhe
Is from diſturbing thoughts of buſineſs free.
But ſee ſhe read it ſtrait, that ſhe may know,
What tortures I in abſence undergo:
But as ſhe reads, I charge you, all the while,
Obſerve each am'rous glance, each frown and ſmile;
From bright, or lowring Aſpects you may gueſs
My future ills, or future happineſs:
Deſire her, when ſhe has read it o'r, to ſend
A ſpeedy anſwer to her dying Friend:
Let it be throng'd with words, I hate to ſee
A Letter nought but ſpace, and vacancy:

Let

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Let it detain my Eyes with pleaſure ſtill,
Where crouded Lines the utmoſt Margin fill.

Yet 'tis ſuperfluous, what need is there,
With toils of writing much to weary her;
Let but in all the Letters ſpatious room
Be only written this kind anſwer: *COME.*
Forthwith I will, when the glad Conqueſt's won,
Deck it with a triumphant Lawrel Crown:
And then I'll place this Relique, ſo divine,
In mighty *Venus*'s moſt ſacred Shrine;
And for its ſervice done, beſides the wreath,
It ſhall contain this Motto underneath.

Naſo *this Letter to his Flame ſo true,*
Kind Venus, *humbly dedicates to You.*

What tho it lately from the Dunghill came,
Thus honour'd now, it may Devotion claim.

R ELEGY

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Elegy the 6th, Book the First.

To the Porter.

Kind Porter, who unworthily do'ſt bear
Thoſe ſervile Chains that meaneſt Vaſſals wear,
Open this Gate, and kindly thus remove
All difficulties that oppoſe my love.
If you grant what I ask, I'm, ever bleſt,
And mine's a ſmall and reaſonable requeſt:
Let but the Gate ſo ſmall an entrance give,
As may my body ſide-ways juſt receive:
Long cares have gnaw'd me quite to Skin and Bone,
My Love has made me a meer Skeleton;
For ſuch intregues my Limbs are made ſo thin.
I almoſt like a Sp'rit can enter in.
Love is my guard and conduct thro' the Street,
He picks my way and ſafely guides my feet;
Experienc't Love inſtruct's me too, how I
May thro' the Midnight Watch my ſelf convey:
But Whimſies formerly did me affright,
I wonder'd men could ramble in the Night:

For

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For Fabu'lous Ghosts I fear'd, that fooliſh train
Of Phantomes, riſeing from mans ſickly brain.
When Love knew this, he ſmil'd, and gently ſaid,
No more ſhall cow'rdly fears thy breaſt invade,
Thy valour with thy love ſhall be encreaſt,
And thou ſhalt be with dauntleſs courage bleſt:
Love enter'd ſtrait, and put baſe fear to flight,
No more I dread pale Ghosts that fly by night;
Nor the aſſaults of a lew'd murd'ring Lord,
Nor cow'rdly ſtabs of bluſtring Bully's Sword:
'Tis you I fear, who too too ſlow do prove,
Ah! too, too ſlow for my impatient love:
To thee alone I ſtoop, I ſue to thee,
Thou haſt the Thunder, that can murder me!
Open for Pity's ſake this cruel Gate,
And ſee how with my tears 'tis all made wet.
When you, for your offence, the other day
Naked before the laſh, and trembling lay,
I to your Lady earneſtly did ſue,
And did prevail with her to pardon you;
But all thoſe gentle words, which not long ſince
Did plead ſo ſtrongly out in your defence,
Alaſs! woe's me! are uſeleſs now and vain,
For me they cannot the leaſt favour gain:

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My kindneſs with a kindneſs then repay,
Your wiſh is to be grateful, and you may;
Unlock the Gate, my love brooks no delay;
Unlock the Gate, night ſwiftly poſts away:

So may'ſt thou from thoſe Chains be ever free,
Drink Wine and taſt the Sweets of Liberty.
Hard-hearted cruel ſlave, thou doſt not hear,
All my ſoft Pray'rs rebound from thy deaf Ear;
Thy Gates too with vaſt Oaks ſupported are,
And ſtrongly barr'd, as tho' you dreaded War.
When Citys are beſieg'd with Arms and men,
Strong Barracado's Gates are uſeful then;
In calmes of Peace why do'ſt thou vainly fear
Fierce ſtorms of War, and claſhing Armies near?
How would'ſt thou treat an Enemy, when thou
Shut'ſt out thy Friend, and Lady's Lover too?
Unlock the Gate, my love brooks no delay;
Unlock the Gate, night ſwiftly poſts away:

I come not with arm'd Troops of Foot and Horſe
To ſtorm theſe Walls, and make you yield by force.
If from my Breaſt theſe raging Flames were gone,
Was Love not with me, I ſhould be alone;
And if I would, from Love I cannot part,
For that is fix'd, and grows up with my heart:

Tho

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Tho' you this Body Limb from Limb should tear,
And stab this Heart, yet Love would still be there;
Then Love's with me, and Wine, that upward flies
With moderate fumes, which still new love supplies;
And a neat Garland with fresh Roses made,
Which lately fell from mine anointed head:
What man is there, would be a fraid to meet
These lovely Arms, so innocent and sweet.
Unlock the Gate, my love brooks no delay;
Unlock the Gate, night swiftly posts away.
Art thou thus slow, is it unkind delay,
That takes my hopes of love and life away?
Or do's Sleep beat my words back from thine Ear,
And make 'em vanish in the fleeting Air?
Once I remember, when in shades of Night
I strove to hide me from thy hated sight,
Then (with a Pox) you watch't with pimping Eyes,
Till Midnight Stars did spangle o're the Skies.

But yet perhaps you may be faultless too,
Perhaps your Mistress is in Bed with you,
And you glut on Love's Sweets; if so alas!
How far does your blest fortune mine surpass.
I'll be a Porter, Skullion, Groom, or Slave,
And wear thy Chains, let me thy Blessings have:

Un-

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Unlock the Gate, my love brooks no delay,
Unlock the Gate, Night ſwiftly poſts away.
Hark; --- I'm deceiv'd, or elſe I heard the ſound
Of the Gates Hinges ſoftly turning round;
With a hoarſe noiſe the Gate ſure gave the ſign
For me and welcome Love to enter in:
Curſe on my Fate; --- I am deceiv'd I find,
'Twas only ſhaken by ſtrong blaſts of Wind;
Woe's me! that Wind does all my hopes betray,
And ah! how far 't has born thoſe hopes away?
The City's huſh't, dead ſilence ſeizes all,
And Pearls of Dew in gentle moiſtures fall:
The Watchmen ſleep, and no one now can ſee
The deſperate attempts deſign'd by me.
Unlock the Gate, my love brooks no delay,
Unlock the Gate, Night ſwiftly poſts away.
Unlock it, or by Heav'ns I'll make you know,
What a chaf't injur'd Lover dares to do;
I now more dreadful, and more pow'rful grown
Then fire and Sword will burn theſe proud walls down;
I in the houſe will make this Flambeux fly,
By *Jove* the Houſe ſhall burn as well as I.
Love and brisk Wine, encourag'd by the Night,
To all Extravagancies now invite;

For

For as thoſe baniſh fear, ſo night does ſhame,
By *Jove* I'll enter now with Sword and Flame:
Ah! Threats and Pray'rs alike ſucceſsleſs prove,
In thee they can nor fear nor pity move;
For thou ſtill cruel and relentleſs art,
Thy Gate is leſs obdurate then thy heart:
Thou art unworthy of the noble Fate,
To ſtand before a beauteous Ladies Gate:
Surely a ſlave, ſo baſe, and ſo unkind,
Was for the Turn-Key of ſome Goal deſign'd.
See, now bright *Lucifer* adorns the Skies,
The Cocks they crow, and bid poor Mortals riſe,
And call them to their dayly drudgeries.
Then thou gay Crown, pull'd from my penſive head,
Be thou all night on my Dears Threſhold laid;
When in the morning ſhe ſhall ſee thee thrown
Before her Gate, and all thy Beauties gone:
To her thou will't a ſilent witneſs prove
Of time ill-ſpent, in vain perſuit of Love.
Now, Porter, Fare-thee-well, ſuch as thou art,
Yet hear the love I bear thee e're I part;
Tho' thou admitt'ſt me not, I love thee ſtill,
Baſe as thou art, I muſt bid thee Farewel;
And Farewel Gate, thou Author of my woe,
Ah! Farewel cruel Gate, and Porter too.

ELEGY

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ELEGY the 3d, BOOK the First.

To his Miſtreſs.

YE Pow'rs, my Pray'r both juſt and equal is,
And cruel Love can ne're deny me this.
Grant that my Miſtreſs, whoſe bright conquering Eye
Late brought my Soul into Captivity,
May ever love me, or that I my taſt
Joys that may make my love for ever laſt.
Ah me! too much I've ask't by praying thus,
My wiſht-for Bleſſing's turn'd into a Curſe,
Love cruelly at laſt my Prayers has heard,
And plagu'd me with a happineſs I fear'd:
For ſhe requites my paſſion with diſdain,
I love and love, but am not lov'd again,
Accept me, Madam, Vaſſalage I crave,
I beg the liberty to be your Slave;
Accept your faithful Slave, whoſe conſtant flame
Shall ever laſt, and ever be the ſame,
One that will ever ſerve you, one whoſe Breaſt
Is all with love and generous faith poſſeſs't.

If

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If my Birth, which I from a Knight derive,
Or Blood which from his Veins I did receive;
Or Anceſtors (who I confeſs ne're were
Ally'd to Duke, Prince, King or Emperour;
If neither my endowments, or Eſtate
(Which is ſufficient tho' it be not great)
Or if my vertuous Parents frugal care,
And temp'rance (which provide for me their Heir,
If all theſe cannot ſo inviting prove,
As to make me ſeem worthy of thy love;
Yet Wit and Wine (the Gods that I adore)
The Muſes, and a Thouſand cauſes more,
Almighty love, which keeps me ſtill your Slave,
The Vertue, Honour, and the Faith I have,
My God-like Manners, and my naked Truth,
My Modeſty, and inoffenſive Youth;
All theſe conſpire, and joyntly all agree
To make me dare to ſay I'me worthy thee.
You (Madam) you ſhall be my care alone,
I never change, I never love but one.
I will (if there be Faith in Man) prove true
And I will ever love, and only you.
May I for thoſe few years the Fates ſhall give
With thee (my Deareſt) tho' in torments live,
And may thoſe cares kill me that make thee greive.

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Let but my Muſe your wond'rous Praiſe rehearſe,
And you ſhall ſhine more glorious in my Verſe;
Inſpir'd by your great Name, I ſhall produce
Wit worthy you and worthy ſuch a Muſe.
By my Verſe *Io* is immortal made,
Her everlaſting Fame can never fade;
Nor can the fair *Europa* mortal prove,
She's Cannoniz'd by Poetry and Love;
Nor ſhall our Names thus celebrated dye,
But on Fame's Wings they ſhall for ever fly,
The World our Praiſes ſhall together joyn
And yours ſhall ſpread abroad as far as mine.

ELEGY

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ELEGY the 7th, BOOK the 1st.

To Pacify his Miſtreſs whom in his Paſſion he had beaten.

WHat have I done? if any Friend be nigh,
Let him be kind, and ſhew his cruelty:
Bind, bind theſe hands (they have deſerv'd the Chain,)
Before the Fit of Madneſs come again.
With headlong Fury drunk, theſe Arms I mov'd
Againſt the only Miſtreſs that I lov'd.
Wounded by me, my Deareſt grieves, and ſighs,
And weeps with Tears as fair as others Eyes.
But when they did in a Fanatick rage
My Royal Miſtreſs cowardly engage;
They then would have rip't their Mother's Womb,
Cut their own Father's Throat, and rob'd his Tomb;
Or wreſted Thunder from *Jove*'s vanquiſh't hand,
And Gods themſelves with impious blows prophan'd.
But did not *Ajax*, Lord o'th' Seven-fold ſhield,
With a diſtractive rage, and madneſs fill'd,

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Chaſe trembling Flocks, for *Trojans*, o're the Plain,
Groaning beneath the burden of the ſlain?
And did not mad *Oreſtes* do yet more,
Staining his hands in his own Mothers gore?
Did he not murther her that gave him breath,
Barb'rouſly to revenge his Fathers death?
Did he not challenge Hell, and boldly call
For Arms to fight the Furies, Dev'l, and all?
I follow'd where theſe damn'd Examples went,
Ruffi'ns and Mad-men were my preſident.
For my bright Miſtreſs braided Locks I tore,
Yet ſtill ſhe look'd as lovely as before.
The beauteous *Atalanta* look't like you
When ſhe in *Manalus* did Beaſts perſue,
And caught the droves of men that came to view.
Aria'dnes Hair was all diſhevel'd ſo,
When ſhe beheld her perjur'd *Theſeus* go;
She wep't and call'd aloud to make him ſtay,
"The Wind bore him and her ſoft words away.
Like you the fair *Caſſandra* did appear,
But that a ſacred Fillet bound her hair;
Yet ſuch ſtrong charms from her ſweet face did rove,
As ſtruck the ſurley *Ajax* mad with love;
He in the Temple ſeiz'd her as his prize,
And offer'd there a wanton Sacrifice.

Who

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Who has not call'd me Turk, Barbarian, Jew?
For theſe I did in cruelty out-do.
Yet ſhe did no opprobious word expreſs,
Fear fetter'd up her Tongue, and made it ceaſe;
But yet her looks her angry Soul betray'd,
There I a Thouſand Murderers might read;
And all thoſe ſilent ſhow'rs of Tears ſhe ſpilt,
Spoke loudly my rough cruelty and guilt.
Would God theſe Arms had dropt off, e're they'd bin
Guilty of ſuch a baſe, unmanly Sin.
With leſs concern I any Limb could ſpare,
And would I had e're I had wrong'd my Dear.
Why is my curſed Strength a plague to me?
Deareſt, I wound my ſelf in wounding thee.
Ye bloody Executioners, be gone;
I've no more barb'rous Murders to be done.
Go Sacrilegious Hands in Chains, 'tis juſt
The Irons gauld, and eat you off with ruſt.
Curſt Arms! they dare not ſtrike the meaneſt Slave;
Shall they more priv'ledge o're my Miſtreſs have?
The cruel, damn'd *Tydides* left behind
The worſt Examples of an helliſh mind;
He ſmote a Goddeſs, and I wounded you
A fairer Goddeſs, and a greater too:

But

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But he is much more innocent then I
I far surpass him in impiety;
For he against a Foe did cruel prove,
But I to whom I vow'd eternal love.
Go, mighty Conqueror, in Triumph go,
Prepare the Royal Pomp, and Solemn Show,
Put on your Lawrel Crown, and let it spread
In branching Honour round your sacred head,
Let Clouds of Incense from your Altars rise,
Pay *Jove*, for your success, his Sacrifice,
Let shoals of people round your Chariot croud,
All roaring out your mighty Triumph loud,
Let it with boasting shouts of joy be said,
Lo this brave *Hero* did subdue a Maid.
First let your Captive go in flowing hair,
But for her batter'd Cheeks, all over fair,
'Twas fitter sure, and 't had bin kinder far,
Had I in am'rous conflicts wounded her,
Or bruis'd her balmy Lips in height of bliss,
With the impression of a furious Kiss,
Or had my Teeth such kind impressions made
Upon her Neck, I there my love my read,
But yet, tho' raging Tempests shook my Breast,
Hurrying me on like Streams by Floods encreast,

And

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And tho' blind Paſſion did my reaſon ſway,
And made my Soul, and all its pow'rs its prey;
Sure 'twas enough to chide my trembling Dear,
To thunder out my Oaths, and threats at her,
And thus inglorioufly to tear her Gown,
And all thoſe ſacred Robes that ſhe had on.
All this I did, all this—and ten times more,
Her pretious Hair, thoſe threads of Gold, I tore,
And with my Nails plow'd up her beauteous Face,
My Fingers have prophan'd that ſacred place.
Yet ſhe ſtood fix't, pale as a Marble Stone,
Or ſome ſad Statue Carvers make to moan,
Which o're a Tomb ſtands weeping for the dead,
Speaking its Grief in Tears it ſeems to ſhed.
Her Blood flew from her Face to guard her Heart,
Short death, and tremblings ran o're ev'ry part;
So a ſoft gentle Weſtern Wind does make
With num'rous motions, *Aſpin* Leaves to quake;
So ſhake the Reeds, fan'd by a breeze of Air,
The Reeds that ſeem to ſhake for very fear;
So tremble Rivers, on whoſe curling brow
With gentle gales the South-Winds ſoftly blow.
Her Tears long doubting, where to fall or no,
At laſt did down her Cheeks ſo gently flow,
You'd ſwear 'twas water drop't from melting Snow,

Then

Then first my conscience check't me for my sin,
Sighs issuing out told sorrow was within.
The Floods of Tears, that o're her visage stream'd,
Drops of my Blood, or something dearer seem'd.
Thrice did I offer at her Feet to lye,
And there become her humble Votary,
Thrice held I up my folded hands to pray,
And thrice she put those dreadful hands away.
Dearest come on arm'd with revengeful rage,
That will your sufferings and your grief asswage,
Come harrow with your Nails this Face, and tear
Each hated Limb of mine, and ev'ry hair;
Make ev'ry Member your just Sacrifice,
Tear out each Eye; for if it might suffice
"I'd weep my blood for tears, from wounds, for eyes.
Let Passion raise your courage, Passion can
Give you, tho weak, the vig'rous strength of man.
But least these tokens of my Crimes remain,
For Heavens sake go dress your Head again.

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Book the First, Elegy 13th.

To the Morning that she would not rise to soon.

Aurora now, with Rosy blushes red,
Lifting above the Eastern waves her head,
'Rose from the beauteous Morning's Purple Bed.
Stay gentle Morn, said I, your hasty flight,
You'd be more beautiful were you less bright;
Stay, gentle Morning, stay, so may you see
On ev'ry year that winged Progeny,
Which *Phœnix*-like from *Memnon*'s ashes came,
Taking new life from his last Fun'ral flame,
With solemn Rites of blood and slaughter come,
And pay their Sacrifices at his Tomb.
Stay, gentle Morn, if you would have me blest;
See now my Mistress huggs me to her Breast,
Strugling with joys that cannot be expresst.
And if *Corinna* ever did bestow
A Blessing on me, certainly 'tis now.

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See, lazy Sleep ſits heavy on our Eyes,
The Air is cold and we are loath to riſe;
The little Birds a pretty warbling keep,
And court us with ſoft harmony to ſleep.
Curb in the winged hours, with all your might,
Nor plague the world with your officious light.
When you with your unwelcome rays appear,
Youths bluſh with ſhame, & Maids grow chaſt for fear.
Why do you hurry thus your Chariot on?
Ah, gentle Morning, for Love's ſake be gone.
Before you dawn the Marriner can ſtand,
And by the Pole-ſtar better far command,
His certain Voyage to the wiſh't-for Land,
By this he ſteers his ſteady courſe, tho' he
Floats in the midſt of all the boundleſs Sea.
When you with light embroyder o're the Skies,
The weary Traveller begins to riſe,
Tho' ev'ry limb and bone be ſore,
With the long journey of the day before.
The Country Hind now flys his dear repaſt,
Yokes his ſlow Oxen, and to the Plow does haſt.
And School-Boys ſcarce awake yet riſe to feel
The cruel laſh of *Busby* or of *Gil.*
The ſpark juſt drawn i'th' Matrimonial nooſe,
Who to his loſs for his Wives Portion ſues,

Riſes

Rises up early from her sweet Embrace,
To see his Counseller to know his case,
Or that he may untangle some damn'd flaw,
Some Quibble, Querk, or some nice point of Law,
By break of day, when you peep from the East,
The Counsellor is knock't up from his rest.
The Lawyer too, to *Westminster* must trudge,
To bawl out some new Cause before the Judge.
Thus you to both are more disturbing far,
Then all their restless tides of Clients are.
The watchful Huswife rises up with you,
And she, with thine, her labours does renew;
She sings to pass the time away, the while,
She draws a thread as endless as her toil;
Yet all these pains, and ten times greater too,
I could with ease and pleasure undergo.
But Gods! to rise thus from my dearest Dear,
What Stoick, what dull man, on earth can bear!
None sure but he, whom Heav'n e're did bless
With such a Paradice of Happiness.
Oft have I wisht (but now I see 'twas vain)
Cynthia might over you a Conquest gain,
That she, with all her gawdy Troops of Light,
Might chase thee to the *Negro* Womb of night;

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Or ſome great Tempeſt, might your Chariot ſhake,
And all its Golden Wheels in pieces break,
Or ſtuck in ſome deep Bog your Steeds might ſtay,
Or in ſome miſty Cloud might looſe their way.
Curſt Morning ſtay, nor with thy envious Face
Frighten me from my Miſtreſs's ſoft Embrace.
I gueſs from thy Son's Æthiopian Skin,
Thy poiſon'd Heart is blacker far within.
There envy big with miſchiefs brooding lies,
And num'rous plagues to all the world conveys,
Had no adult'rous flames ſcorcht up your breaſt,
When by your *Cephalus* it was poſſeſt;
Yet your wiſe Goddeſs-ſhip can never hide
Your Thouſand amorous Intregues beſide.
I would to Heav'n, for my revenge that I
Might to old *Tython*, all your faults deſcry:
No Punk that gain'd Heav'n by debauchery,
No *Whetſtone* Whore in Sweating-Tub ſhould be
So baſe, ſo vile, ſo loath'd a thing as thee.
Thou fly'ſt his dry Trunk, ſapleſs grown with age,
Unfit in am'rous conflicts to engage;
And, as thou envy'dſt us our bleſt deſign,
Doſt early in malicious glory ſhine;
Should you enjoy your Gallants melting charms,
Whilſt he lay panting in your wanton Arms,

Then

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Then would you cry, kind Stars, glide gently on,
And then you'd wiſh that night might ne're be done.
Why ſhould I ſuffer plagues and puniſhment,
Becauſe your Fumbler is grown impotent?
Did I Procurer turn, or did I ſpread
Baites to decoy you, to his loathſome Bed?
See, how the Queen of Night do's kindly ſteep
Her lov'd *Endymion*'s Eyes in dewy ſleep;
Glorious as you, ſhe ſhines in her bright Sphere;
When dazling in full Orb of Beauty there;
Ev'n *Jove* himſelf Father of Gods above,
When he would take a full ſwinge of his love,
Commanded two Nights into one to joyn,
'Cauſe he ſo often would not ſee thee ſhine
With that damn'd painted Harlot's Face of thine.
My railing done, I ſoon perceiv'd ſhe heard,
For glowing bluſhes on her Cheeks appear'd,
Yet ſtill ſhe poſted with ſwift haſt away,
And at her uſual time call'd forth the day.

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Book the 3d. Elegy the 3d.

Of his Mistress that had perjur'd her self.

ARE there then Gods? Gods! I'll believ't no more,
She's perjur'd, yet as beauteous as before.
Her shining locks are still as long, and fair,
Since she has shamm'd the Gods, as e're they were.
On her white Cheeks, were blushing colours spread,
Like Lillies dy'd with Rosy streakes of Red;
And all those colours, which her Cheeks did grace,
Still shine in their old lustre in her face:
Her little Foot was neat, and cleanly made,
It has exactly the same shape it had;
Her slender Waist was comely to the view,
'Tis still as slender, and as comely too.
She had sparkling Eyes, whose ev'ry glance could kill,
Like two bright Stars; her fair Eyes glitter still,
By which the perjur'd, false perfidious she,
Has often sworn Ten Thousand lyes to me.

Beauty

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Beauty commands the Gods, and Heav'n allows
Women to lye, swear falſe, and break their vows.
Lately ſhe ſwore by her bright Eyes, and mine,
And mine were tortur'd ſtrait with ſhooting pain.
Say, unjuſt Gods, was't not enough that ſhe,
Has call'd your Pow'rs, to vouch her Perjury,
And yet unpuniſh't has eſcap't, and free?
But ye muſt make me too (tho' innocent)
For her black crimes to ſuffer puniſhment?
Is't not ſufficient that ſhe drew you in
To be but bare Spectators of her ſin,
And by no Lightning blaſted, laughs to ſee
How ſhe has bubled both the Gods and me?
But injur'd I her guilt muſt undergo,
And ſuffer by her crime, and for it too?
Tell me, ye Gods, when ſhe has done the wrong,
How can the puniſhment to me belong?
Or Gods meer empty Names and Fantoms are,
Whom abject daſtard Spirits vainly fear;
Who the groſs vulgar eaſily do move
With raſh belief of unſeen Pow'rs above;
Or if a God there be, his God-head ſure
Doats on fair Nymphs, and giv's them too much pow'r:
Men are expos'd to all the Bolts of War,

To

To *Mars* his Fatal Sword, and *Pallas* Spear,
'Gainſt us *Apollo*'s threatning Bow is bent,
On us the Thunder from *Jove*'s hand is ſent.
But the Gods dread fair Females, they ne're durſt
Diſpleaſe that Sex, altho' they'r injur'd firſt;
With awful fear they worſhip, tho' they,
Dauntleſly both the Gods and Heav'n deſy.
At woods and groves *Jove*'s Thunderbolts are thrown,
They batter mighty Tow'rs, and Caſtles down;
But Perjur'd Women, who Heav'ns rage provoke,
Still live ſecure and feel no Thunders ſtroke.
When many Womens faults did juſtly call
For Vengeance, *Semele* alone did fall,
And burnt a wretched Sacrifice for all.
And cruelty was the beſt thanks that *Jove*
Return'd for all her kindneſs, and her love.

But why thus againſt Heav'n do I complain?
Reproach the Gods? and impiouſly prophane?
The Gods have ſenſe of love, they too have hearts
That have been pierc't by Love's impartial Darts.
Were I my ſelf a God I'de freely give
Fair Ladies pow'r my God-head to deceive,
Let them ſwear what they pleas'd I would believe,
And I would ſwear whate're they ſwore was true,
And to clear them I would be perjur'd too.

Thus

Thus I, of all the Gods in Heav'n, would be
The kindeſt, moſt obliging deity.
Yet, happy Maid, fair favourité of Heav'n,
More gently uſe that pow'r the Gods have giv'n,
Nor ſwear more by mine Eyes ah! be more kind,
Leaſt when you ſwear again you ſtrike me blind.

Book the 3d, Elegy the 11th.

The Poet grieves that his Miſtreſs grew ſo noted by his Verſes, that he procur'd himſelf many Rivals.

What day of all my life, what hour was there,
In which ſome wing'd ill Omens of the Air
Did not with hideous croaks, and chatt'rings prove,
The ſad events of my ſucceſsleſs love?
Againſt what adverſe Gods ſhall I complain,

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Againſt what Planets inauſpicious reign?
Corinna, who but now was all mine own,
Whom I at firſt did love, and I alone,
Will be the common Miſtreſs of the Town.
Was ſhe not by my Verſe thus famous made?
By me encourag'd ſhe ſets up the trade:
And rightly ſerv'd---for I the Hawker was,
That cry'd about the Beauties of her Face:
I was her Pandar, gave her Sparks a view;
Open'd her doors, and introduc'd 'em too.
By me ſhe firſt was to the world diſclos'd,
And by my folly was to Sale expos'd.
What good I've reap't from Verſe I cannot tell,
But that 't has injur'd me I know too well.
My Rivals it procur'd, and to my coſt
By Verſe my property in her I loſt.
When *Troy*'s, when *Theban* Wars, and *Cæſars* fame,
The juſt aſſiſtance of my Pen did claim,
Corinna's Praiſe, her Name alone did ſhine
Like a bright Gem in ev'ry Page of mine.
Would God! *Apollo*, when thoſe Lines I made,
And ev'ry Muſe had then deny'd their aid!
Would my dull reſty Muſe had jaded been,
And left unfiniſh't what ſhe did begin.

The

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The world to Poets ne're did credit give,
There's no one our mad Fictions will believe;
And I could wish my Rivals might be brought
To disbelieve those hated truths I wrote.
Of *Cerberus*, and his three Heads we tell,
And make him Porter to the Gates of Hell,
And all his Body o're, instead of hair,
A monst'rous Coat of curling Serpents wear;
A Thousand Arms we give *Enceladon*,
And make an Army up of him alone,
Against all Heav'n we boldly make him dare,
And Hosts of thund'ring Gods maintain a War;
Of *Niobe* we sing, who, whilst she mourn'd,
By grief was to a Marble Statue turn'd,
Which sweating still with tears seems to relent,
And thus we make her her own Monument;
Of Bulls we write, from whose fierce Nostrils came
Torrents of fire, and rapid streams of flame;
Of *Orpheus* too, why by his Mystick Song
Made Woods to follow and Stones dance along:
These, and whole Millions of Romantick Lies,
Of Monsters, and Impossibilities,
Of Metamorphos'd forms, and prodigies,
The fruitful Licence of a Poets wit,

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Dayly brings forth, and ſtill do's new beget.
No man's oblig'd to credit us at all,
His Faith needs not be here Hiſtorical:
Nor ſhould you think her Praiſes more to be
Then wild fantaſtick tales devis'd by me,
I'me ruin'd now by your credulity.

ELEGY the 7th, BOOK the 3d.

The Poet greives that he is rejected by his Miſtreſs.

WILL any Fop yet wed the lib'ral arts,
Or vainly ſet up for an Aſs of Parts?
Or think a gifted excellence, to be
In the ſmooth ſtrokes of raviſhing Poetry?
Wit above Gold was valu'd heretofore,
But now he's ignorant alone, that's poor:
When ſhe reads o're my Poems with delight,
Kindly applauds each line, each word I write;

Tho'

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Tho' my more happy Verſes pleaſe her ſo,
Where they'r embrac't, the Author dares not go:
Thus I whom ſhe applauded ſo before,
Am ſhut out from her, or kickt out of door;
And tho' confeſt a Wit, to her diſgrace,
With love diſtracted rave from place to place.
A wealthy up-ſtart Ruffian, who of late,
By cutting Throats, has purchaſt an Eſtate,
Is thought my better; 'cauſe 'ith Field he ſtood,
And Knight-hood gain'd by ſucking guiltleſs Blood;
Then can you (fooliſh Woman) without fear,
Embrace this Honourable Murtherer?
Can you to him yield up your melting Charms,
Or wanton all Night in his dreadful Arms?
I'de have you know that once this Head of mine,
Did gayly with a creſted Helmet ſhine;
And this Thigh (which in Love's wars ſerves you now)
Was armed with a Fatal Weapon too;
His left hand (which a * Ring did late adorn, * *Worn by Roman Knights.*
And ill becomes him now, a Shield has born;
His right too, has been cruelly ſmear'd o're
With impious ſtains of dead men's clotted gore.
And can you touch that hand, ſo oft imbru'd
In gaping wounds, and murther'd wretches blood.

Where's

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Where's now the softness on your Soul impress,
The tenderness that reigns in Womans Breast?
View, in his mangl'd Face, dishoneſt Scars,
The servile Monuments of former Wars;
A Plundering Souldier he of Fortune was,
And gain'd by hacks and wounds whate're he has:
Perhaps himself will boast of those he has kill'd,
How oft he has stab'd, & how much blood he has spill'd.
And can you touch those hands in hopes of Pelf,
Without the fear of being stab'd your self?
Ev'n I, the Muses and *Apollo*'s Priest,
With sacred Wit, and Innocency blest,
In vain Love-Verses sing before your Gate,
Since, cruel Mistress, you'r as deaf as that.
Young men if you are wise be rul'd by me,
Learn not our fruitless Arts of Poetry:
But to the skill in Arms and Wars attain,
Go Reformado's in the next Campaign.
Instead of rhimeing well, get to be made
Captains, or Collonels, and fierce Armies lead:
With gawdy Plumes, and Scarfs before 'em stand,
Thus you may Troops of Ladies too command.
Jove advertiz'd us, and by Heav'n we're told,
Nothing can be more powerful then Gold;

Him.

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Himself turn'd to a bribe, the guards disarms,
And *Danaë* yields now to his potent Charms:
E're he descended in this pretious show'r,
She was immur'd within a Brazen Tow'r;
Her Father did inexorable prove,
And she her self withstood the Siege of Love:
But when wise *Jove*, taught by Love's chymick art,
Into bright Gold his God-head did convert,
She kindly in her Bosome did receive
The welcome Present, and consent did give:
She could not this Almighty show'r withstand,
But by her Fathers, Heav'ns, and Golds command,
She yields the virgin-fort up to the conquerors hand.
But when old *Saturn* did Heav'ns Scepter sway,
Deep in Earths darksome Womb all Metals lay;
Then Silver, Iron, bewitching Gold, and Brass,
And ev'ry Mine in Hell's rich Kingdoms was:
No Bullion yet was found, 'till Man did sell
His Peace for Gold, and fetcht it ev'n from Hell:
On ev'ry Oak distilling sweets were found,
And ev'ry Leaf drop't Honey on the ground;
The Trees unprun'd then better Fruits did bear,
And earth brought forth without the Plow-man's care.
No Spot of ground as yet was hedg'd about,
Nor mens Estates by peice meal parcell'd out;

No

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No Ditch was cut no Land-mark Stones were laid,
But all the world was one vaſt Common made.
No Oar yet clave the Sea, no Ship did ſweep
The yielding Waters of the troubled deep.
On ſhore (his utmoſt Voyage) man did ſtand,
And was contented to be ſafe at Land.
Thy ſubtle Nature (wretched man) has ſtill
Been too ingenious to contrive thine ill.
Why doſt thou time and riches laviſh out,
To fence thy Towns with Walls, and Tow'rs about?
What need'ſt thou Broils create, or Wars encreaſe,
When thou may'ſt live in ſafety, and in peace?
Or new-ſought dangers on the Sea explore?
Thou ought'ſt to be contented with the ſhore.
Why doſt thou not of *Jove* his Heav'n require,
To fill the boundleſs gulph of thy deſire!
Should thy Ambition urge thee to obtain
Theſe Heav'nly Kingdoms too, 'twould be in vain;
For *Cæſar*, *Bacchus*, and great *Hercules*
Thoſe ſacred Quires in Triumph now poſſeſs.
We dig deep Mines, and vex Earth's Womb for ſtore;
Inſtead of Fruits we ſeek for curſed Ore.
The Souldier now long-ſought-for Riches gains
With the dear Blood that iſſues from his Veins:

For

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For he that's poor can no admittance get
At Guild-hall, or at Counsel-board to set.
The wealthy fools are in all places thrust
Of credit, honour, profit, and of trust;
Hence a dull Alderman that cannot write
Is chosen Burgess, and is dub'd a Knight:
Vile Canters of the Law are Judges made.
In reverent Folly, and in Ermin clad.
The Laws and Souldiery their pow'r confess,
The worlds their Slave, and they all things possess,
They are the Engines both of War, and Peace.
Heav'n grant that they may not so greedy prove
As to engross the profit of my love.
Let them permission give to one that's poor
T' enjoy his Mistress, and I ask no more.
But now tho' she untractable appear,
And difficult as *Sabine* Matrons were;
Yet a rich Lover shall admittance have,
And rule her like his Captive, or a Slave.
Her Keeper thwarts my Love, she too does fear
Her Husband will surprize us when I'm there.
If I bring Cash those Bugbear tricks are done,
The necessary Rascals both are gone,
My way is clear, the house is all mine own.

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If any God neglected Lovers hears;
That dares revenge their wrong, & grant their pray'rs;
O may he her ill-gotten wealth destroy,
And may she ne're one Guinea's use enjoy;
May it, like Gold enchanted, just appear,
But vanish at the touch away from her.

ELEGY the Fifteenth, BOOK the First Imitated.

To detracting Censurers, that the Fame of Poets is Eternal.

ILL-natur'd Censurer desist for shame
With thy malicious Tongue to stab my Fame
How durst thou think I live dissolv'd in ease
Or call brave Verse the effects of Idleness?
Or why dost thou object with feeble hate,
I from my Ancestours degenerate?

That

That I, (unlike them arm'd with warlike rage)
Whilſt in full ſtrength and flower of my age,
Do not in blood and duſt my foes engage?
Or that I plead not at the wrangling Bar,
And out-bawl *W---ton* at *Weſtminſter*?
And to gain Gold, damnation, and renown,
Turn a meer Proſtitute to all the Town;
With Mercenary breath cant out the Laws,
And take mens Money to betray their Cauſe?
But all theſe ſervile things muſt with us dye,
The Fame, I ſeek, ſhall know Eternity:
My Wit a laſting Monument ſhall raiſe,
And all the world ſhall loudly ſing my Praiſe.
Chaucer ſhall live, whilſt this our *Britiſh* Land,
Or the vaſt *Cornwall-Mount* in it ſhall ſtand:
Or whilſt (almoſt a Sea it ſelf) the *Thames*
To th' Ocean rowls his tributary Streams.
Sidneys great Name ſhall laſt, whilſt there are Swains,
That feed their Flocks on the *Arcadian* Plains;
Each Nymph ſhall tune his Praiſes on her Reed,
Whilſt Beaſts, to hear their Songs, forget to feed:
Ecchoing Groves aloud their joys ſhall tell,
And praiſe that Swain that ſung their Praiſe ſo well.
The Majeſty of mighty *Cowley's* name,

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Shall travel thro' the farthest Coasts of Fame;
His noble works for ever shall impart,
The height of judgement, Nature, Wit, and Art.
Dryden, great King of Verse, shall ever live,
Judicious *Dryden* shall himself survive:
Whilst in this Town there's a procuring Bawd,
Or a smooth flatt'ring Whore, that plyes the trade,
A wily Servant, cruel Father known,
The Lawrel shall the matchless *Johnson* Crown.
Shake'spear, tho rude, yet his immortal Wit
Shall never to the stroke of time submit,
And the loud thund'ring flights of lofty *Lee*;
Shall strike the Ears of all Posterity.
Creeches Sublimest Verse in God-like State,
Shall soar above the reach of humble Fate;
Nor shall he dye 'till the World's mighty Ball
Shall be dissolv'd, and to a Chaos fall.
Spencer's Heroick Lines no death shall fear,
His Fairy Queen, and Shepherd's Kalendar,
Shall be admired, whilst to our new * *Roome* * *London.*
The Vassal Isle to pay their Tribute come.
As long as Flames last, Torches, Bows, and Darts,
(Love's great Artillery to conquer Hearts)
Shall witty *Strephon*'s wanton Verse be read
By many a melting Youth, and yielding Maid.

From

From East to West *Sucklings* soft Muse shall run,
Swift as the Light, and glorious as the Sun;
Each Pole shall ecchō his Eternal Fame,
And the bright Mistress, he vouchsafes to name.
When solid Ir'n shall be eat up with rust,
And Marble Statues crumbl'd into dust,
To Deathless Verse times spight shall do no wrong,
For that must ever last, be ever young.
Kings, and their Triumphs, all the Pomp the boast,
In dark Oblivion would be quickly lost,
Did no blest Poet the vast loss repair,
Making them Deathless, as his Numbers are.
Tagus to Verse must yield altho' it roll'd
In Floods of Treasure, and a Tide of Gold.
Let the ignoble Rout vile things admire,
Let Love and Poetry my Breast inspire,
Let me *Apollo*, and the Muses quaff,
In full-charg'd Bowls, Castalian Rivers off:
The sacred *Heliconian* Streams shall be
A *Tagus*, and a *Ganges* both to me;
Our life feeds all the envy we shall have,
With us it sleeps in quiet in the Grave:
When dead, the Honours we from Verse receive
Shall guard us, and that Fame our Merits give.

So

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So that when Nature ſhall diſſolve this Frame,
And turn me to that Duſt, from whence I came;
Ev'n then o're Death I ſhall a Triumph gain,
And the beſt part of me ſhall ſtill remain.

PROLOGUE *to* PERSEU'S *SATYRS Imitated.*

I don't pretend (as ſome of late I've ſeen)
To've ev'r been drunk with th' Muſes *Hypocrene*;
Nor on *Parnaſſus* Top to've laid me down,
And there dreamt Lawrels ſhould my Temples crown
And waking find my ſelf a Poet grown.
I'me none of thoſe; I leave the Muſes Seats,
And ſilent Groves, thoſe ſhady bleſt Retreats,
To th' happier *Laureats* of the Age, whoſe Fame
Obſcures the Glory of my meaner Name.
Yet tho' a rude, unpoliſh'd Muſe I have,
A place among the reſt I humbly crave.
What is't that makes the chattering Parrot learn
His Maſters name, and when he calls diſcern?

Want

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Want makes Mute Birds an humane Accent get;
And Poets write in ſpite of Sence and Wit.
From Want the beſt ſupplies of Fancy grow,
To her the invention of moſt Arts we owe.
Should Birds but once the uſe of Money find,
(Money the adored hope of frail mankind!)
Then Crows and Pies would learn to courſe a Muſe
They'd learn to dedicate and to abuſe,
And all the Tricks that flattering Poets uſe.

MARTIAL. Epigr. 3d. of 8th. Book Imitated.

LEave off for ſhame; thy ſcribling itch give o're
The world hath ſeen enough of thine before,
Nev'r think to vent the gawdy Trifles more.
Nor think by writing more to raiſe thy Name,
Already all the world hath heard thy Fame!
Nay ev'n when thoſe vaſt Marbles ſhall decay,
On which fond men a vain Foundation lay

For

For future fame; when these rich Piles shall be
Crumbled to common dust and slighted lye;
Yet then shall happy I remain alone
Admir'd, belov'd, and read by ev'ry one
I said.——— *Genius*
"When strait my Rhiming thus reply'd.
Can'st thou (ungrateful) leave that pleasing fire
That doth with such sweet Lays thy Breast inspire?
Tell me, what's sweeter then, when happy Ease
From business, gives the wearied Soul release,
To recreate the mind, and to compose
And in sweet Verse serener thoughts disclose?
Or doth the loftier *Epic* Strain more please?
To write the Toils of War then Calms of Peace?
Or th' Acts of fighting Heroes to display
In Verse as turbulent and rough as they?
That swelling *Pedagogue* with croking noise
Shou'd bawl thee out to gaping wond'ring Boys?
Or that the Tragick Story thou hast writ,
Should force some puling Damsel into th' Fit?
Let poring, grave, dull Sots write so, whose Sence,
Hatcht by Night Study's doth at length commence
A pompous Nonsence, far less pure, and bright
Then th' gloomy, smoking flame by which they write.

Do

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Do thou with gentile poignant Satyr write,
Such as may pleaſe, and heal, as well as bite;
And yet ſo Keen, that he that reads may know
His Vices touch't, and bluſh, and mend them too.
Thus, though thy Meaſures ſoft and humble be,
Yet ev'n Heroick Verſe ſhall ſtoop to thee.

A Rural complaint of the Approach of Winter.

Written in the Country. Oct. 28th. 1684.

ALaſs he's gone!------ farewel beloved Light!
Adieu bleſt Sun! nothing (alaſs) but Night,
Nought but corroding Cold, and gloomy Shade
Succeeds the mournful Exit thou haſt made!
All Natures frame exhauſts its ſelf in ſighs,
And cloth'd in Sable mourns thy Obſequies.
Careleſs our gay attire away we throw,
And ſilent ſorrow reſts on ev'ry Brow.

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Now no fair Nymphs ith' Verdant Meadows play,
And by their presence make a brighter day;
No active Shepherds bath their pliant Limbs,
No Boats of pleasure grace the smiling Streams,
There's not one seen upon the very *Thames*.
Nor is't Men alone their sorrows vent;
Beasts groan their griefs, and as they can lament.
But Plants, (tho' the Learned Sence deny,)
Yet they the greatest greif do testify,
They do not barely Mourn, but also Dye.
This they most do; but if by chance there's one
Whose Stock of moisture don't decay so soon,
Who above the common Fate erects his head,
And's bravely green when th' weaker Plants are dead,
Some cold North-Wind blasts his aspiring Top,
Or in a Grave of Snow he's swallow'd up;
So forc'd to shrink into his warmer Urn,
There lies expecting thy long wish'd return.
But then as soon as thy refreshing Rays,
Warm our cold Climate and renew our days;
With joyful leaps it rends the parting ground,
And then more verdant then before is found.
But e're that happy time approach agen
Winter will shew a long and tedious Scene;

Winter

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Winter the years old age, old age's death,
That chills all pleasure with its freezing breath!
But fond complaints, and fruitless sighs are vain,
In spite of all, the Plague must still remain;
And to bewail what can't avoided be
Is to encrease, not ease the Malady;
Then to dull Age lets pining care bequeath,
And sorrow to the fancy'd Ghosts beneath;
Let all but Mirth be banish't quite from us,
We'll swim in pleasures, and with joys carouse,
Each day shall sprightly Wine our brains inspire,
That shall supply the want of *Phœbus* fire,
That raise the fancy, kindle brisk desire;
Then ev'ry night we'l tast the Fruits of Love,
Thro' all its secret ravishing Labyrinths rove;
And melting in the Arms of some kind she,
We'l lye quite buried in Felicity.
Where eager Kisses, and a close Embrace
Shall Winters curst Idea quite deface.

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CLAUDIAN. EPIGR. *de Sphærâ Archimedis.* Imitated.

ONce as *Jove* travers'd o're his uſual rounds,
To view the world's vaſt face and utmoſt bounds;
By chance he ſpy'd, where *Archimedes* ſtood
With thought-full Brain to make his Project good;
He ſaw his peircing, curious Eye obſerve
Leſt any motion from his courſe ſhou'd ſwerve;
But all was right; this *Jove* admir'd, and ſtrait
Return'd to Heav'n, there mounts his lofty Seat,
And ſmiling thus the encircling Gods doth treat.
To what vaſt heights is humane Art now grown?
They ſcorn to coppy Earthly things alone,
But with bold Wing far above theſe they'r flown,
And ev'n at my hard task they bravely aim,
And caſt in Glaſs the great Creations Frame.
For in a ſmall, and brittle Globe we ſee
(That which before none ever knew but We;)
The ſeveral Motions of the Stars and Spheres,
And all the Laws of Fate to humane Eyes appear.

The

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The hidden Spring doth a ſure motion give
To all the Orbs who move, and ſeem to live.
Here, the bright Sun his dazling Beams diſplays
And guilds a feigned *Zodiack* with his Rays:
Whilſt the pale Miſtreſs of the guilty Night
Seems to receive from him her borrow'd Light.
Nay here ſo lively all the Motions are,
You'd think the Worlds Epitome it were.
The affrightn'd World ſhall now no more admire
Salmoneus feigned Thunder, or his Fire.
So ſmall an attempts beneath his nobler Soul,
His Fancy knows no limits but the Whole.

Upon the ſlighting of his Friends Love.

LOve guides my hand, and ſhews me what to write,
That (thou) mayſt know 'tis ſhe that doth Indite.
When Love's concern'd to make her language known,
She doth by Numbers ſoft, and ſweet, bemoan
(Thy ſilence) enough to make her ſigh, and groan.

She

She fears that thy ſweet Natur's wing'd away,
Becauſe not touch'd, by its enlivening Ray:
She doubts ſome Veil has overſpread its Light,
Which threatens more than an Ægyptian Night;
Wherein nought but ſad mournful Clouds appear,
Enough to ſtrike thee into endleſs fear.
When ſhe on every ſide doth caſt an Eye,
To ſee (perhaps) if once ſhe might deſcry
Her pleaſing, look'd for Object paſſing by.
There's nought appears, her Vigilance in vain;
Her careful Eye is recompenc'd with pain.
Then down ſhe ſinks, bereav'd of her ſweet breath
The only ſign, that now ſhe's ſeiz'd with Death.
Weep now ye Heavens; and let each pearly tear
Accompany mounting grief, and trembling fear.
For ſince Love's dead, the Beauty of our Iſle,
Its more than madneſs to attempt a ſmile;
This rather would become ſome pompous, nuptial train,
Than him, whoſe Heart feels griefs inſulting pain.
When once a Jewel's loſt, how careful is each Eye,
In prying out this Author of our miſery?
No leſs is he depriv'd of courting reſt
When Love has left a drooping, panting Breaſt.
Curs'd be that Perſon, who has chas'd thee hence,
Heaven, with this black crime, can ne're diſpence!

Curs'd

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Curs'd be that time, that e're she fix'd on thee,
The Mother of such unheard of Cruelty.
Curs'd be that place, in which she did impare
Her amorous smiles, her most alluring Art.
In fine, a Curse all Curses else above
On her, that dar'd to stab our darling Love!
May never once Loves Charms attend thee more,
Till thou attones for what is done before.
What have I said! this, this, can never be
Done by the hands of basest Treachery.
No, no: we must the Gods above implore,
Who only can the dead, to life restore.
Be propitious then, ye ruling Pow'rs above,
And send us back our hence departed Love.
That we may see her raise a towring frame,
Adorn'd with lustre from her radiant flame
Too great to be expresst by empty name.
Bless us but in this, and then shall we
In reverence bow, a lowly, thankful Knee,
Before the Throne of your own sacred Deity.
Our words, like well tun'd Instruments shall be,
Breathing forth nought but grateful Harmony.
Our Actions, they shall pay you Tribute too,
For all is yours, when once we are blest by you.

C. S.

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Some ELEGIES out of *OVID's* AMOURS Imitated.

Book the 1st. ELEGY the 3d.

To his Mistress.

THou Charming kindler of my new born fires
(Just are my Prayers and modest my desires)
I do not ask precisely you would love
Give onely cause that I may ne're remove.
Is this to much? but bear to be ador'd;
This sure the greatest Goddess might afford.
Receive a Slave devoted still to you
That will be constant and that can be true;
Not usher'd in by Titles or Estate
The bold Encouragers of th' sawcy Great
My Fate in both at best's but moderate.

But

But yet in Wits abundantly ſupply'd
What in thoſe gawdy Trifles is deny'd;
My Manners too for my fond paſſion move,
Modeſt Sincerity doth my Pleader prove,
And ſure 'tis ſomething alſo that I love,
I'm not of that Fantaſtick rambling race,
Whom each a while, and no one long can pleaſe,
Debauch't from truth by every freſher Face;
You ſhall all my Amorous thoughts employ,
Be ſtill my onely care, my onely joy;
With you I'de always live, with you I'de gladly dye:
Vouchſafe your ſelf a ſubject for my Pen,
I'le make my Verſe as Glorious as my Theme;
And Verſe to Beauty laſting Fame can give,
By Verſe fair *Io* doth her ſelf ſurvive,
By Verſe *Europa* yet, and *Leda* live.
Thus alſo we will ſhare the like renown,
Through all the world both equally be known,
My Muſe ſhall make your name as laſting as my own.

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OVID Book the 3d, Elegy the 7th.

WOuld any ſtill neglected Arts adore ?
Or fondly think that Verſe has any power ?
True ; Wit was priz'd as ſacred heretofore,
And held more pretious than the ſhining Ore,
But now 'tis down-right Nonſence to be poor :
Without ſucceſs my Books my fair one pleaſe,
Whilſt I the freedom want, ſhe grants to theſe,
She praiſes, yet excludes th' applauded man,
Poor witty I rove up and down in vain.
A wealthy upſtart ſhe to me prefers,
Rais'd by his wounds, and thus enricht with Scars :
Fool ! can'ſt with him in fond Embraces joyn,
Receive his Dalliance or afford him thine ?
The Head thou dandleſt hath a Helmet bore,
The ſide that ſerves thee wore a Sword before,
That Hand whoſe Rings now ſuch a proſpect yeild,
'Stead of this Gold wore once the baſer Shield ;
And touch but t'other that has been embru'd
In ſome poor ſlaughter'd Enemies reeking Blood :

Can'ſt

Can'ſt thou then ſuffer ſuch a hand as this?
Ah where's thy former wonted Tenderneſs?
Behold his Scars, thoſe marks of Battles fought,
What e're he has he with his Body bought;
Perhaps he'll brag himſelf what Foes he has ſla-
Can he tell this? and can he then obtain?
Can you be ſuch a Slave to ſordid Gain?
Whilſt I the Votary of deſerving Wit
(Why ſhould Wits Sons to thoſe of Wars ſubmit?)
With fruitleſs Numbers, unavailing Powers
Sing ſlighted Verſes at obdurate doors.
Learn who are wiſe, ſome thriving art of Gain,
Not that which Idle we admire in vain
But that of Fights, of War, and a Campaign.
Inſtead of ſcribling Verſes lead a Troop,
This, *Homer* might, this ſhou'd have been thy Scope.
Jove well adviſ'd of Golds Almightineſs,
Transform'd himſelf to what he knew would pleaſe;
Turn'd Bribe, and ſo ſubdu'd his greedy Miſs.
Till then the Father bore a jealous Eye,
Each door was barr'd, and ev'n the Nymph was coy.
But when the Golden Lover wiſely came,
Leſs nice, ſhe kindly entertain'd his flame.

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Not so in peaceful *Saturn*'s Goverment,
When close each Metal in Earths Prison pent,
Heav'n gave no Wealth, but better Blessings sent;
Corn freely springing from the teeming ground,
Fruits a'th sturdy Oak sweet Honey found.
None strove with pains to make the soil more kind,
No fence particular Estates confin'd.
The quiet Ocean knew no cleaving Oars
Whilst all were bounded by their utmost Shores.
Subt'ly vain man did 'gainst himself devise,
To his own hurt too witty and too wise.
What did it profit Cities to enclose,
Weapons to frame, and thus decide by blows?
How foolish was that curiosity,
That egg'd us first to try the pathless Sea!
Land had suffic'd a modest just desire, (higher,
But we proud things must stretch our knowledge
'Tis strange we don't to Heav'n it self aspire.
We do as far, as in our power lies;
Thence grew the numerous pack of Deities,
Heroes made Gods and Seated in the Skies.
From Earths dark Womb we massy Treasures tear,
Which found the daring, plundring Souldiers share.

No

No place falls to the poor; 'tis an Estate
Preferment gets; the rich prove only Great.
Let 'em be so, thus may they still encrease,
Transact th' Affairs of War, th' Employs of Peace;
But let 'em not invade Love's property;
Let ev'n the poor enjoy his Mistress free.
But now howe're in Vertue she excel,
She's taken Captive at the rich mans will:
For me she dreads her Husbands jealousy,
For me suspects a Guardians prying Eye,
Let me but give, and both shall humbly fly,
Revenge, ye Gods, for sure Revenge is just;
Consume this Wealth with everlasting rust,
And turn so ill us'd Treasure to its native Dust.

BOOK

Book the 3d. Elegy the 10th.

To his false Mistress, from whose Love he cannot get free.

MUch I've endur'd, my patience long oppress,
Tir'd with ill usage is o'recome at last;
Begone fond Love, and leave my wearied Breast.
Freed from my Chain, I blush to think I bore,
What without shame I underwent before.
Conqu'rour I proudly spurn poor vanquisht Love,
Tho' long first, I at last such power prove.
Go on, persist, you'l ne're the pains repent;
The bitt'rest Physick's oft convenient.
And have I then so oft repuls'd, refus'd,
The cold hard Ground for my sad Pillow us'd?
Have I, whilst you some Rival blest within,
Without a waiting, slavish Servant been!
Have I seen more the happy man pass by,
Feeble with Love, and overtoyl'd with joy?

What's

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What's worſe, has he ſeen me too in that place?
Gods, may my worſt of Foes prove ſuch diſgrace.
Han't I obſequiouſly through all the Town,
Gallanted, treated, Coach't you up and down?
Lov'd for my ſake, whilſt in my company,
Others you pleas'd becauſe ador'd by me.
What ſhould I add your perjur'd Treacheries,
Mock Vows, ſham Promiſes, and jilting Lyes?
Yours and your Lovers ſilent ſtolln commerce,
By purpos'd nods, known ſigns, and amorous tweers,
When my loath'd preſence barr'd a free diſcourſe?
'Twas ſaid, ſhe's ſick; with eager haſt I flew,
And found ſhe was not to my Rival ſo.
This and much elſe thus long I've tamely bore;
Get ſome new Fool; for I'le drudge on no more.
My Ship at laſt has gain'd the happy Port,
And hears now ſafe the roaring Waves with ſport.
Ceaſe your vain whpedles, they'l no longer paſs;
I'm not the fond, believing Fool I was.
Yet, ah! two thwarting paſſions ſtrongly move
My doubtful Breaſt; hate one way, t'other Love;
And Love, I fear, at laſt will Victor prove.
I'le hate you if I can, if not, at leaſt
I'le love unwillingly; The Captive Beaſt
Likes not his Yoke, and yet is with it preſt.

Fly

Fly I your Crimes? your ſtronger Charms reſtrain;
Thoſe I do hate, but thoſe I would in vain:
Thus can I nor without, nor with thee live,
And ſcarce I know, what I my ſelf would have.
Oh, that you were leſs falſe, or elſe leſs fair!
Such faults, ſuch beauty too, too different are.
Your Guilt claims hate, your Face does Love intreat,
Ah me! This ſtill more prevalent is then that.
Spare, then by all the ties of former joy,
By, all thoſe Gods ſo oft y' are perjur'd by;
And by my Deity, that face of thine,
By thoſe bright Eyes, with Love have made me blind;
Whate're you are, you ſhall be ever mine.
Conſider only which y' had rather have,
A willing Servant, or a murm'ring Slave.
No, let me wiſely improve Neceſſity,
Add Sails, and with the pow'rful Winds comply,
Since they'l drive me to Love, in ſpight of me.

The

The Golden Age.

FAir Golden Age, not becauſe Rivers purl'd
With Streams of Milk to feed the new-born world,
And Virgin Honey dropt from every Tree,
Natures own Hive for the induſtrious Bee;
When the Earth untill'd her Plenty freely gave,
And all the labour was to wiſh and have;
When ſtingleſs Snakes for love not fear did ſtray
And in the Woods ſecurely loſt there way:
Nor did above one hovering Cloud appear,
But undivided Heav'n and Earth were near,
And if the Gods make Heav'n, then Heav'n was here:
Twas always Spring, and always like to hold,
And younger grew as Time, and years grew old,
No Storm had rais'd thoſe Seas that lay beneath,
The Infant Winds as yet could hardly breath,
Too weak to fill a Sail, or conduct home
Or war or wealth, which more than War has over come.
Fair Golden Age but not alone for theſe
From ſomething greater grew thy happineſs!

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Happy alone becauſe that empty name
That airy Nothing, built on lighter Fame,
That Title without ſubſtance, ſenſleſs thing
The Worlds great Idol, and the Courtiers King
Falſly call'd Honour (our worſt Enemy)
Had not imbitter'd Love with Cruelty.
Nor bounded with harſh Laws thoſe Amorous fires
Which dye and languiſh in confin'd deſires.
When Laws were Golden as the Age, and free
As Natures ſelf, Love where beſt pleaſes thee.
'Twas then that to the bubling of a ſpring
Love firſt compos'd his voice and learn't to ſing,
Love that was ſo all o're, and did not know
Himſelf, the uſe either of Torch or Bow.
Swains of themſelves, and Nymphs untought did love,
And in a Thouſand ways their paſſion prove,
Mixing with every word a ſofter ſmile,
And whiſpers longer Kiſſes did beguile.
Virgins bluſht not to ſhow their new-blown Roſe,
And all their Beauties did unask't diſcloſe,
The unripe Apples of their breaſt, which now
Are hid with leaves, and ripe but for one grow.
Paſſionate Lovers by the fountains playd,
Quenching thoſe flames there which their glances made.

Thou

Thou Honour first of all didst hide that Spring
Increast's the fire, yet didst no Water bring,
None to asswage the Thirst which inward turns
And on itself for want of fuel burns;
Thou first gavest Laws toth' motion of the Eye
Toughtst it to frown, disdain, and Cruelty,
Didst in a hood imprison that bright hair
Which was before so courted by the Ayre,
And hast such Reins on all our Passions laid
That Words nay Looks are of thy Laws afraid;
From thee it is, O Honour, that we prove
Thieves to procure, what was the gift of Love.
And all that we by thy Atchievements gain
Is that we may with greater sense complain.

But say great Power who every where dost sway
Whom Love, and Nature, as we them obey,
Ruler of Kings, why waits thy greatness here
Where Pride and Luxury dare not appear?
Alass these Hutts thy Lustre cannot hold
There's Love, no honour in the Shepherds fold,
Go rather and disturb some Gallants breast
Go break the Souldiers or the Courtiers rest,
And leave us to our selves, who chuse to be
As little minded by as we mind thee.

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A poor neglected rout, who would retrieve
The Golden Age, and by their Pattern live!
Let's love, for Life and Years have no long truce,
Since one hour Thousand changes can produce!
Let's love: the Sun that every evening dyes
And all night buried in the Ocean lies,
Revives next Morn. with an Illustrious Ray
And first, renews his Age and then the Day:
But when our cloudy day of Life is done
Eternal Sleep and Night succeeds our Sun.

H. W

To Sylvia.

I Know not whether all these miseries
Which Lovers prove, their fears, their jealousies,
Their constant Love, their Services and Prayrs,
Their Sighs, their Tears, their Hopes and their Dispair;
Can ever fully recompensed be
Should they obtain their wish't felicity;

Or

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Or that a Woman when she loves at best,
Cures half the Wounds she made i'th' Lovers breast.
But tho't be true, that the best comes at last
And that sweets, with some bitter, sweter tast,
That happiness by waiting does improve,
And frowns and slightings make us dearer love;
Yet give not me this greater Happiness
O Love I'll be contented with a less;
That on some more deserving soul bestow,
Who would its worth by former mis'ries know.
Rather let me my Love obtain
With little service and less pain,
There need no sighs, there need no tears,
Nor to increase our Love rude fears,
Let it alone such seas'ning have
As help the gust but not deprave:
A sweet Repulse or two for tryal,
A little *Coyness*, no *Denial*,
An am'rous War that may produce
In Hearts agre'd or peace or truce.

H. W.

To

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To Love.

O Love, in what ſchole are thy Precepts taught,
Who has thy Art into a Method brought?
Or could himſelf ſo great a Maſter prove
To give ſure rules for ſo uncertain Love?
Or trace the mind, when with thy wings it flies,
And hides its ſoaring head above the skies?
This learned *Athens* never could declare,
Nor *Ariſtotle*'s Schole when he taught there:
Apollo in *Parnaſſus* reads not love,
Like one that has't by inſtinct from above;
He ſpeaks but coldly, has no voice of fire,
As thoſe whom Love himſelf deigns to inſpire,
Nor can his elevated Fancy riſe
Equal to th' height of thy grand myſteries.
'Tis Thou, O Love, Thine only Maſter art,
Thou only thy own Precepts canſt impart,
Teaching unletter'd ſouls in a fair eye
To read what thou wrot'ſt there, their Deſtiny.
Tis thou unty'ſt their tongues, and mak'ſt them break
Not ſilence only, but in Numbers ſpeak;

And,

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And, what's more ſtrange, (O hidden Eloquence
Of Love, and its more powerful influence!)
Makſt an half and unſpoken word do more
Than ſofteſt ſtrains of Rhetorick could before,
And with a ſigh canſt greater paſſion move
Than a ſet ſpeech from one that knows not love.
For ſilence has its voice, and can beſeech
Coming from Love: Silence it ſelf's a Speech.
Then let who's will turn o're Philoſophy,
And ſearch for love where love did never lie,
I'le learn by rote in ſome fair Ladies eye:
And tho my Rural Muſe cannot reherſe
Like them who clothe the Loves in lofty verſe,
Yet the moſt lofty verſe ſhall to my ſtrains
Stand up like barren hills to fruitful plains;
For though they're only carv'd on ſome rough tree,
Yet growing like my love my Verſe ſhall be.

Pl. W.

LOVE

Love's Religion.

I.

WHat fools are all we Lovers, thus to own
Thy ſtrange unnatural Religion?
That makes us all a Sacrifice
(For 'twould be *Hereſie* not to die,)
To ſome fair Idol She:
Nay we are *Martyrs* too for this,
And muſt endure the fire,
Yet to *our Heav'n*, alaſs, are ne're the nigher!

II.

For lo! my *She* diſlikes what'ere I ſay,
And chides me ſo, as if 'twere ſin to *pray*:
Go then ſome milder tenents teach
Thy lovely Prieſthood Womankind;
Ah, gently change their mind!
Ah! do but Repentance preach,
And thou ſhalt quickly ſee
The *wiſer* world turn *Proſelytes* for Thee.

III.

Me thinks thy Saint ſhould be compaſſionate,

To

To pity wrongs, and to prevent our fate:
Yet such are beauteous Women grown,
Whom all their Lovers canonize,
Or stile their Deities.
But when I make my Mistress one,
With them I disagree,
And only say, that *She* is *very She*.

F. W.

The UNION.

I.

LEt dull *Philosophers* the ign'rant tell
That Souls are *indivisible*;
We find their rules do not prove always true
Tis but *one* Soul informs us *two*;
So by one Loadstone touch'd, as We by Love,
Two *distant Needles* to the *same* point move.

II.

Go now, and ask thy jealous kindred, why

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They *thee* to love thy *self* deny.
For tis just so, our Love's a *Phenix* grown,
And we are eminently *one*;
Such Miracles our *Sympathy* can do,
That I no longer am *my self*, but *you*.

III.

Then let's not talk, *But Kindred disagree*;
Prithee what's That to Thee and Me?
Our Love's the worme, they've try'd so oft to kill
By separating us, yet still
Mistaken fools! we mock your subtile art,
This, tho divided, *lives* in *every part*.

F. W.

TO

TO HIS

much *Honoured Friend* and *Relation*

Mr. FRANCIS WILLIS

Merchant at

GREENWICH,

Upon his discovery of a Weed in *Virginia*, which is a present Remedy against the venom of the RATTLE-SNAKES there.

AS, when *Apollo* with his artfull hand
The *Python* slew, and clear'd th' infected Land;
The joyful Muses crowded round their King,
And every Poet did the mighty Triumph sing:
So, as her duty, SIR, my grateful Muse
Does such a Subject, such a Conquest choose

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To celebrate: For (till you saild away,
And to those coasts your Learning did convey,
Where Salvage Nature long unquestion'd lay,
Proud of those ills, which at her dire command
Infectious Serpents scatter'd through the Land.)
Ten thousand Deaths in armour did appear,
As if the Fates quarter'd their Legions there
To kill, and tyrannize; whilst none could be
Secure from the bold glittering Enemy.
But soon at your approach these Ills did cease,
And health regain'd an universal peace.
For you well-vers'd in arts had quickly spy'd
What Med'cines in this little Plant lay hid;
What Sovereign virtues in this Weed did dwell,
Like Princes forster'd in a Shepherds Cell:
Which on the Snakes impos'd a rigid Law,
Constrain'd their rage, and kept the Fates in awe.
So that if after this they venom threw,
'Twas out of pride to be ore-power'd by You.
For this (Great SIR) such praises you may claim
As none can pay, nor shall your sacred Name
Be next to *Rawleigh's* in the book of Fame;
Rawleigh who only Honour here pursu'd,
And the wild people, not their foes, subdu'd

BY

By force of Arms; but to *save* lives is more,
Than twas to conquer the whole Land before.

By FRAN. WILLIS. Fellow of
NEW-COLL.

HORACE, *Book the First,* ODE *the* 21. *Paraphrased.*

I.

BEgin, begin *Diana's* praise,
Ye lovely Nymphs in soft Harmonious Lays,
Soft as your Sex, and charming as your eyes;
And all ye blooming Youths combine
To make the beauteous Quire:
Tune, tune the speaking Lyre,
And young *Apollo* with *Diana* joyn:
Next let your Hymns, that kindle Gods above,

La-

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Latona's fame declare,
Latona, Heaven's peculiar care,
The joy, and darling of Almighty *JOVE*.

II.

Diana ſing, ye Nymphs, *Diana* loves
The Chryſtal ſtreams, and ſhady groves;
She loves the pleaſant woods that grow,
And hang o're *Algidum*'s cool brow;
She in green *Cragus* doth delight,
Or where thick Forreſts ſpread
Around dark *Erymanthus* head,
That yields us ſafe retreats from day, and pleaſant ſcenes of Night.

III.

Ye Noble youths with equal ſtrife reherſe,
How on green *Tempe*, *Phœbus* flowry ſeat,
Eternal Springs do wait:
Or in immortal verſe
Fair *Delos* Iſle applaud,
Delos the cradle of the God,
Whoſe ſhoulder's all divine,
Grac'd with a golden Harp, and golden Quiver ſhine.

IV.

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IV.

He, He mov'd by your charming prayers,
(For what God can regardless lie,
When Youth and Beauty courts, or can their suit deny?)
Will banish far from *Cæsar*'s peaceful seat
The dismal noise of Wars;
Will make the famine, and the plague retreat,
The haughty *Persians* to oppose,
To tyrannize and triumph o're our foes, (*Fate.*
And do the work of *Cæsar*'s sword, the mighty work of

F. W.

S. E.

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SENECA's *Hercules Furens*.

Act. 1. Chorus.

FEw are the Lights we now in Heaven can view;
And ev'n those few are faint and dying too.
The Night o'recome calls in each wandring star,
And lagging *Lucifer* brings up the rear.
The Constellation, that ne're knew the Sea,
Turns but its Chariot, and calls up the Day.
The Sun just rising o're the mountains, guilds
With scatter'd rays of light the joyful fields,
And for a while the Mooh departing yields.
Loath'd Labour wakes, and rouses drowsie cares,
Unlocks each breast, and every house unbars.
The Sheep unfolded from their hurdles pass,
And on the dewy mountains straggling graze.
The soft young Heifer plays upon the Plain,
And emptied Dams recruit their Tets again.
The wanton Kid runs o're the pleasant Meads,
And wildly wandring sports by turns, and feeds.

The

The chirping Birds on boughs their joy expreſs,
And in each Note the welcome Day confeſs.
The daring Seaman boldly hoiſts up Sayl,
And truſts a promiſing Sky, a gentle Gale;
Uncertain yet what after may befall.
The greedy Fiſher lies upon the Cheat,
Oft baulkt he ſtill purſues the falſe deceit,
And ſtill renews the unſucceſsful bait.
Lucky ſometimes he gazes at his prey,
Wondring at th' fortune of the happy day,
Whilſt trembling Lines the nibling Fiſh betray.
These are th' Employments of the harmleſs life,
Bleſt in ſoft eaſe, and undiſturb'd with ſtrife;
Where a ſmall houſe with a few fruitful fields,
The ſweet'ſt content to its glad Owner yields.
Not ſo in Cities; the tumultuous Cares,
Uncertain Hopes, jealous, tormenting Fears,
Still whisk, like whirlwinds, every where about,
And find each private, ſecret corner out.
Here one with ſome Petition to his Grace
Submiſſive waits two hours for acceſs,
And ten to one his aim at laſt may miſs.
There a rich Miſer's ſtriving to attain
To greater wealth, and knows no end of Gain;

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Never contented, he ſtill aims at more,
Is ever heaping, and is ever poor.
Here a fond Aſs ſwells bloated up with Praiſe,
Which the vain, empty, fickle people raiſe;
Values himſelf upon't, and ſtrait grows proud
To be the pageant of th' unthinking Crowd,
And there each Term for hire great pleading Boys
Let out their Tongues to jangling, ſtrife, and noiſe.
But few, ah! few are They, who care or ſtrive,
To gain true quiet, and to happy live;
Who from a ſence of Time's great preciouſneſs,
Catch at the fleeting minutes as they paſs,
And wiſely to themſelves ſecure that Now,
Which ne're returns, if idly once let go.
Haſte then and live, no pleaſing Joys delay,
But timely ſeize on pleaſures whilſt you may.
Life hurries o're its ſhort, ſoon finiſh'd race,
And haſty years whirl on with eager pace.
The diligent Fates ſtill our life's thread ſpin on,
They ne're undo what they have once begun,
Nor idely e're the fatal work prolong,
Yet heedleſs we ſtill ſearch new dangers out,
Seek ways to bring an early Death about,
And our unfiniſh'd Thread by our own raſhneſs cut.

Head-

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Headlong half way our Destiny we meet,
Forestall our ruine, and prevent our Fate.
Too much the Hero to his end does haste,
Which of it self approaches but too fast.
The regular Fates at their due seasons come,
Each in his order must receive his doom.
None e're, when call'd, behind may lagging stay,
None may prolong his set, appointed day;
When once we're summon'd, we must all obey.
Let others then endeavour after Fame,
And strive to purchase an eternal Name;
Let others in triumphant Chariots ride,
With gawdy Honours, and with empty Pride;
Humbly may I, free from all being Great,
Enjoy a safe, and an obscure retreat.
So I grey hairs and old age may attain,
Things which the busie, restless, seldom gain,
Unless before their times they come with cares and pain.
Thus still, tho homely, the low Fortune's sure,
Whilst splendid Greatness never is secure.

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SENECA's *Agamemnon*.

Act. 1. Chorus.

FOrtune, thou Grand Impoſtor, what a cheat
Is all that good, thou ſeem'ſt to give the Great,
With ſpecious ſhew for real ſubſtance ceught!
How ſteep's the Hight, how falſe on which they ſtand,
And yet how few the pleaſures they command!
Soft, eaſie, quiet, ſits not on a Throne,
Nor can a Monarch call one day his Own,
Care after care ſtill harraſſes his mind;
One ſtorm blown o're, another's ſtill behind.
Not the wild Waters of the wanding Tide
Are half ſuch various, ſuch unſteady Things,
As are th' uneven Fates of reſtleſs Kings.
They Dread at once, and to be Fear'd,
Ev'n moſt, with what they moſt deſire, ſcar'd.
The Night it ſelf gives them no ſafe Retreat,
Buſineſs and Danger ſtill attend the Great.
Ev'n Sleep, the general refuge of all cares,
Calms not their Troubles, nor diſpells their Fears.

Beſides,

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Beſides, What States have been ſo pow'rful known,
That have not been by cruel Wars o'rethown,
And by ambitious Monarchs ſtrifes undone?
Faith, Juſtice, Shame, Truth, Honor, Chaſtity,
And ev'n the leaſt regard of any Tye,
Avoid all Courts, from ev'ry Palace flie.
Pride, Jars, and Factions in their ſtead appear,
And Fury, Envy, in each Breſt dwells there.
Theſe ſtill remain, ſtill threaten ruine nigh,
And ſurely ſtill, where e're they are, deſtroy.
Yet ſhould both Wars and private Treaſon ceaſe,
This wo'nt ſecure poor Monarchs happineſs.
Each Great thing's ev'n oppreſt by its own weight;
The mighty Load's too vaſt for feeble Fate.
Thus when full Sails ſwell with a proſp'rous wind,
We fear the Gale becauſe it is too kind.
The Tow'r, that proudly does to Heav'n aſpire,
Finds but thereby the rainy Tempeſts nigher.
And in thoſe Groves, where thickeſt ſhades are caſt,
Lightning the talleſt Oaks does ſooneſt blaſt.
The loftieſt Mountains feel the Thunder moſt,
And thoſe Groſs bodies, that moſt bulk do boaſt,
Are ev'n by that, to Sickneſs more expos'd.
The largeſt Oxen we for ſlaughter chuſe,

Whilſt

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Whilſt the ſmall Herd we let to paſture looſe.
What Fate exalts, it will again undo,
And lifts but up that it may overthrow.
Whilſt things are low, more mean, and moderate,
Enjoy a laſting and enduring Date.
Happy then He, who pleas'd with his own chance,
Seeks not too far his Fortune to advance,
Truſts not his Veſſel to the faithleſs Deep,
But nigh the ſhore does more ſecurely keep.

SONG

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SONG.

I.

I Cannot ſigh and wiſh alone,
Tho to ſpeak may be in vain;
I ne're can be afraid to own
A Paſſion, I muſt entertain.
If then this Addreſs accuſe,
Blame the faulty Charms, not Me;
'Tis but juſt they ſhould excuſe,
Since they caus'd this Liberty.

II.

A mod'rate Paſſion unreveal'd
Smother'd in my Breſt had been,
As dying Embers may conceal'd
Burn a while, and not be ſeen.
But when Wit and Beauty joyn,
Such a fire as mine to raiſe,
Who can its fierce rage confine?
It muſt needs burſt forth, and blaze.

The

Damætas envy'd, *Colin* tun'd my Lays,
Whilst she sate by, and gladly heard her praise:
Sooner shall Dolphins o're the Mountains swim,
Does graze on Floods, and Bees forget their thime,
Than I that day when with a smile she led
The joyful *Ægon* to her promis'd Bed,
With what a high disdain he marcht along,
And proudly lookt on the despairing throng!
Yet he ne're fed the Flocks, ne're pent the Fold,
Nor bore the Summer's heat, nor Winter's cold;
But he had Wealth, and that alone betray'd
The heedless mind of the unthinking Maid,
Curst be the wretch that first did Gold dispense,
And rob'd the happy Plains of Innocence!
Am I refus'd because my Suit was plain,
The artless Courtship of an humble Swain?
You know me not, nor yet the pains I took
Whilst *Ægon* slept to feed the weary Flock,
How often have the Nymphs beheld me sweat
Beneath the fury of the Summer's heat,
How often seen the Frost bind up my hair,
And cry'd, ah *Daphnis* worn with too much care!
But what avails my care, what boots my pain,
But only yeilds a larger Subject to complain.

To

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To Sylvia.

NAY prithee *Sylvia* be not *coy*,
My *Dear*, my *Life*, my greateſt *Joy*;
A Thouſand Kiſſes deareſt *Heart*,
Unto thy Votary impart:
But yet not ſuch as Infants give,
When they begin to love, and live:
Not like a Siſters ſapleſs Kiſs,
Which has no taſt of *future* bliſs:
But ſuch, my Deareſt, ſuch alone
As in the *Marriage-bed* are known;
Oh! may they have as great a guſt
As e're th' Almighty pow'r of Luſt
Can give. At leaſt ſuch may they be
As thoſe the *young fair wanton She*
Gives her belov'd, when firſt a flame
(For which as yet ſhe wants a Name)
She feels thro ev'ry joynt to run,
And inwardly does melt and burn;
Like Veins of Metals, Earth, and Stone,
With *Subterran'ous fires* unſeen, unknown.

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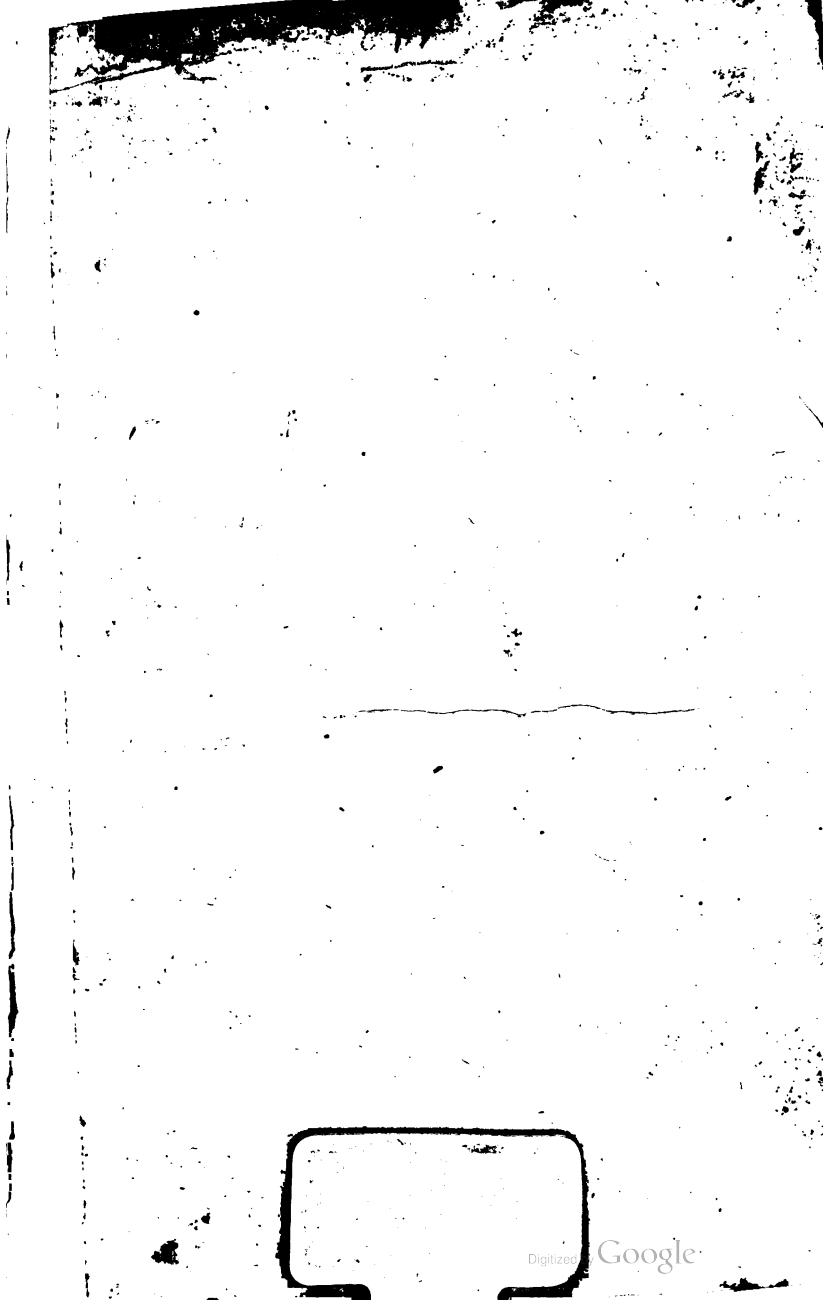
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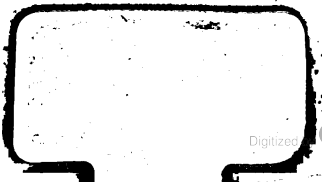
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